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VOL. 9, NO. 8
AUGUST, 1962



COVER BY
MORT KUNSTLER

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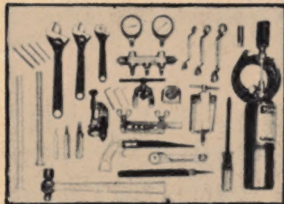
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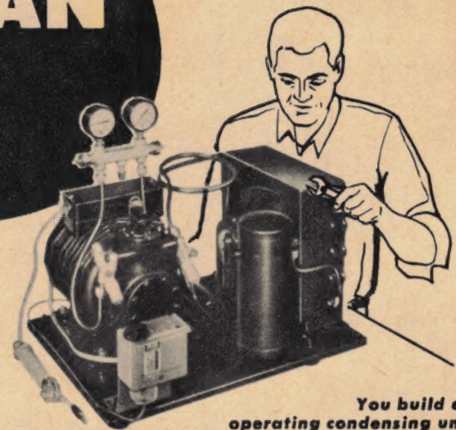
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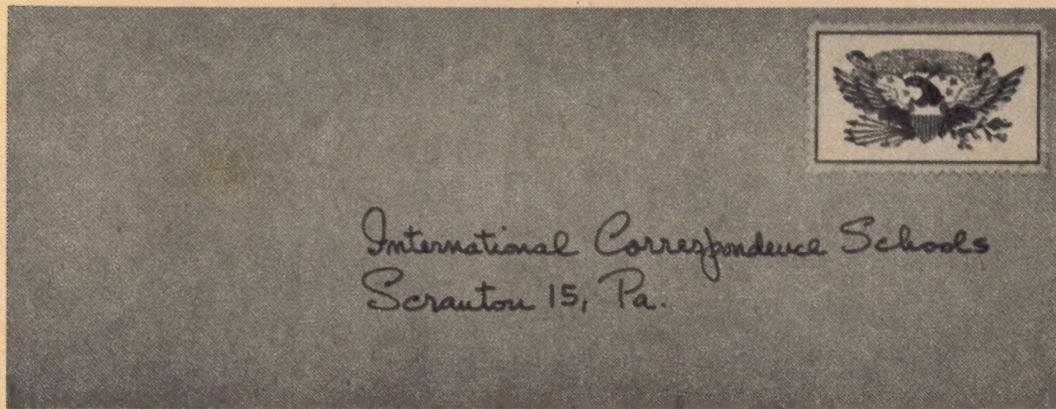
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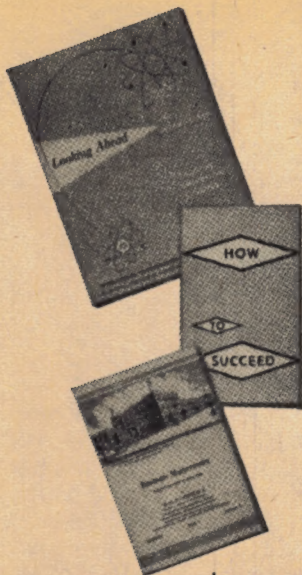
Calls courses "money in the bank." "I recommend the I. C. S. method to anyone who sincerely wants to get ahead. I completed my high school education through I. C. S. and am now studying Textile Engineering. I attribute my growing income to the fact that I. C. S. made me a valued employee."—Ezra Whitmore, Hogansville, Ga.



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"Darling," cooed the girl as she rearranged the pillow beneath their heads, then snuggled closer to him on the couch. "Don't you think it's about time we got married?"

"I guess so," he yawned, "but who the hell would have us?"

The jealous husband was sure that his wife had a lover. So he hired a detective to shadow her for a day and take movies of the results.

The detective came to the husband's office with the film. "Well, here it is," said the detective, "all the evidence . . . and with your best friend, too." He ran the film and the man watched his wife and his best friend eating lunch, taking a swim, dancing, and in the bedroom having a ball.

The husband shook his head and said, "I can't believe it, I just can't believe it!"

"But," the detective said, "the evidence is all here!"

"That's not what I mean," said the man. "I just can't believe that my wife could be so much fun."

The virtuous-acting man was talking about a certain row of respectable houses in his home town. "Of course," he sniffed, "they are frequented by much of the lower-life of the vicinity. But I can truthfully say I have never gone to one of them."

"Yeah?" said the dubious listener. "Which one was that?"

The husband came home and what he discovered made him very angry.

"Who was that man who just left?" he shouted at his wife.

"That was Charlie Smith," the wife replied.

"I'll find him," the husband said, "and when I do, I'll teach that black-guard a thing or two."

The wife smiled and said: "I doubt it."

■ ■ ■

Jim: "My girl friend is a twin."

Joe: "How do you tell them apart?"

Jim: "Her brother is built differently."

■ ■ ■

An American and a Russian were discussing democracy and communism, and the American said, "In America we have complete freedom. A man can go right up to the capitol and call President Kennedy a stinker."

The Russian retorted, "We have equal freedom in Mother Russia. A man can go right up to the steps of the Kremlin and call President Kennedy a stinker, too."

A guy we know had followed a woman driver for many miles along a two-lane highway. Every time he tried to pass her, she speeded up and swung toward the center of the road, ignoring his horn. Finally they came to a small town and the woman driver turned her car into a filling station and the exasperated man followed. He pulled up alongside her car and peered at her.

"Go ahead!" snapped the woman in the other car. "Let's hear what you think I am!"

"Oh, I know what you are," replied the man. "I was just curious to see what one looked like up close."

■ ■ ■

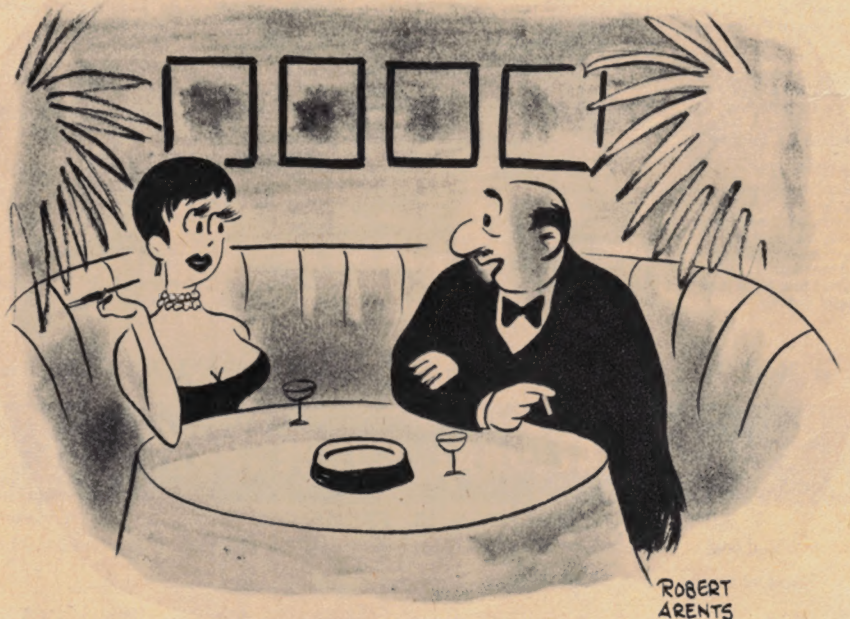
A tourist recently visited some old ruins in Arizona. While gazing at some relics he met an aged Indian.

"How old are these?" the tourist asked.

"One thousand and three years," promptly replied the Indian.

"That's cutting it down pretty fine," remarked the tourist. "How can you be so definite?"

"A geologist told me they were a thousand years old," replied the Indian, "and that was three years ago."



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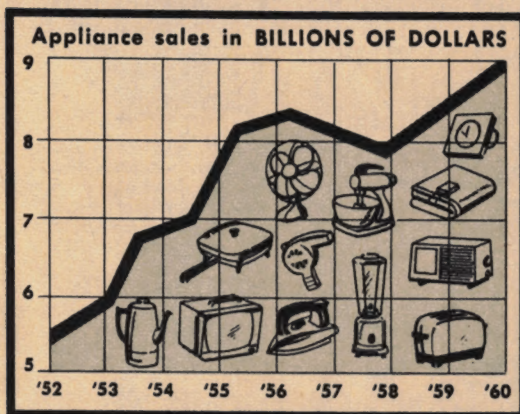
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Record-Shattering Boom in Electrical Appliances Opens Up Exciting Profit Chances for Men Who Can Repair Them

OVER FOUR HUNDRED MILLION electrical appliances are in use right now in American homes—and are increasing at the rate of 76 MILLION a year! No wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making \$3 to \$5 an hour—in spare time or full time. FREE BOOK tells how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.



(Above) Based on chart in
Electrical Merchandising Week Magazine.

Just look at how dependent American homes have become on electric appliances!

Here are some of today's common appliances, and the number of U.S. homes containing each.

Air Conditioners (Room).....	6,500,000
Bed Coverings.....	10,800,000
Clocks.....	40,268,000
Coffee Makers (automatic).....	27,000,000
Freezers.....	11,200,000
Frypan Skillets.....	20,600,000
Heaters, Portable (Elec.).....	14,415,000
Heating Pads.....	19,925,000
Hotplates.....	12,105,000
Irons (Standard).....	44,850,000
Steam Irons.....	28,200,000
Mixers.....	27,000,000
Ranges.....	17,200,000
Refrigerators.....	49,605,000
Sandwich-Waffle Comb.....	17,615,000
Shavers.....	34,500,000
Toasters.....	40,195,000
Vacuum Cleaners.....	36,700,000
Washers.....	47,100,000

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

with this
**APPLIANCE
TESTER**
—Yours at No
Extra Charge



Course includes all parts to assemble a portable, sturdy Appliance Tester. Use it to locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; find defects in house wiring; measure electricity used by appliances; many other uses. Helps you earn while you learn.

THE "ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE BOOM" is in full swing. For example, annual sales of coffee makers have zoomed in the last decade from 900,000 to 4,750,000. Room air conditioners have gone from 200,000 a year to 1,800,000 a year. In just the last five years Americans have bought 26 million electric fans, 9 million electric heaters, 5 million deep-fat fryers!

The coming of the auto created a multi-million dollar service industry, the auto repair business. Now the same thing is happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this important difference: anybody with a few simple tools can get started in appliance repair work. No big investment or expensive equipment is needed.

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If you'd like to get started in this fascinating, profitable, rapidly growing field—let NRI give you the home training you need in Servicing Electrical Appliances. Here's your chance to build up "a little business of your own" without big investment—open up an appliance repair shop, become independent. Or keep your present job, turn your spare time into extra cash.

You can handle this work anywhere—in a corner of your basement or garage, even on your kitchen table. And you can earn \$3 to \$5 an hour—get back the cost of the course before you finish it. No technical experience, or



higher education necessary. We tell you and show you everything you need to know, in plain English and clear pictures. And the training costs you less than 20¢ a day!

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NEW "LIVE LONGER" MINIATURE MIRACLES



Electrically driven, tiny three-ounce "pacemaker" has counting mechanism and ups the beat of a weak heart.



Still in experimental stage, plastic heart operations have worked with dogs, may soon be tried on humans.



Battery-powered "radio pill," 1/8-inch long, transmits medical information by impulses from intestinal tract.

In its never-ending fight against disease and death, medical science has developed amazing instruments and machines which may soon give us the answer to man's search for eternal life.

by Richard Farrington

Stating it as simply as possible, the prognosis was terrible.

The man had survived a coronary attack, but barely survived. What remained of his heart muscle was withered. Nerve fibers were short-circuited, like burned out wires. On an electrocardiograph, his heart beat registered like the poundings of an idiot child with no sense of rhythm. The medical term for his condition is "complete heart block," and it is as deadly as it sounds.

It means the heart can pump only a small percentage of the blood the body needs. Compare this man to a car working on only two cylinders. It barely creeps along and may stall for good at any moment it receives too heavy a load.

At best, the man would be like the two-cylinder car for the rest of his life—a cripple. And there are many like him in the case histories.

But this time, doctors at the University of Minnesota Hospital in Minneapolis had hoped things would be different. They had something to help him, something that ironically was the result of thinking small about one of man's big killers.

A doctor anesthetized the man's chest. Then he took a long, hollow needle and, as he might probe for a bullet, pushed it into the flesh between two ribs, until he felt it touch something else. "The lower heart," he said, then, "The wire."

An aide passed a strand of fine, (Continued on page 81)

The miniature electrocardiograph and transmitter make possible operations which add strength to crippled hearts.



Patient Philip Amundson holds mitral valve identical to one surgeons put into his heart.



"EXPERIMENT GIRL" BARRACKS OF COMPOUND No.8

Using Nazi "scientific human tortures," War Criminal Yamamoto set up his own concentration camp clinic—substituting brothel nymphs and Allied prisoners for guinea pigs.



by Christopher Nelson

SANDAKAN, North Borneo, is a hell-hole. In the summer of 1942, with war all around and the temperature a minimum of 112 degrees day after day, the island was even hotter than Hell.

On July 16, squads of heavily armed Jap soldiers swarmed around a decrepit steamer at the smelly Sandakan wharf. These guards had strict orders to shoot if any of the passengers aboard the *Takata Maru* tried to leave the ship or caused a commotion while the tub was in port.

Aboard were 42 women and 15 men. Most were Europeans, with a scattering of Americans and Canadians. They

were en route to a prison camp from various Japanese detention stockades.

The *Takata Maru* was a small, battered steamer with only one cabin. This was occupied by three Japs: Captain Masuko, a veteran sailor who rarely spoke; Ito Takakua, former commandant of the Sandakan Civilian Internees, who patted female rumps and had venereal disease; and a pompous little colonel, Dr. Taso Yamamoto.

This boat trip was the realization of a dream of Dr. Yamamoto's—a dream that had begun four years earlier . . .

Two years before Pearl Harbor, a stocky German physi-

Please Turn Page

Art by Walter Popp

As Dr. Yamamoto prepared to inoculate the girl, Starnes battled to get free. But a guard's rifle-butt dropped him.



"EXPERIMENT GIRL" BARRACKS

cian with grey crew-cut hair and large pop-eyes went to the railroad station at Strasbourg to say goodbye to a new friend.

The German, Professor August Hirt of the Anatomical Institute of the University of Strasbourg, wore a gold-plated swastika in his lapel and normally never would have shaken the hand of a non-white individual. For he was so obsessed by Hitler's notions of race purity that he had a private hobby of collecting skulls from "sub-humans," as he called all persons who did not qualify as Aryan under the Nazis' peculiar standards. This was in the days before Himmler had realized the Japanese definitely qualified as Aryans.

Professor Hirt's new friend was a small man of 35 with bristly black hair, a pocked face, and deceptively mild eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses. This man, also a physician, was Dr. Taso Yamamoto whose Tokyo colleagues considered a bit of a bore with his never-ending political

ravings and pamphleteering, and they usually avoided him.

But Taso Yamamoto, though he was a run-of-the-mill physician and surgeon, had one quality which most of his colleagues lacked: political savvy. As far back as 1931, when Japan had sparked her drive for conquest with the rape of Manchuria, young Dr. Yamamoto had been an obscure medical captain who fervently believed in Japanese domination of East Asia. His servility and fanaticism had won him political advancement in the ensuing years.

Which was why the Nazi physician—a conniving politician and bootlicker himself—was friendly to Yamamoto.

The 11 A.M. express to Bremen was waiting on Track 7 at the Strasbourg Station. Flanked by two SS men, a quietly observant Gestapo agent, and three doctors from the university, including Dr. Hirt, Yamamoto said solemnly: "Thank you for a very pleasant two weeks, Professor Hirt. It has been most instructive. I especially liked your collection of skulls. If there is war, and your Herr Sievers has



Prisoners in Starnes's group ate most of the food Japs doled out, but saved enough to trade for information.



Evidence of horror tests was found by invading Americans who unearthed mutilated bodies buried in Compound No. 6.



extra remains of the slave peoples and inferior races you unquestionably will conquer, I shall be pleased to receive some skulls in Tokyo. In turn, we may be able to reciprocate. Heil Hitler!"

"My cooperation is always yours," answered Professor Hirt, raising his hand in the Nazi salute.

They shook hands stiffly and the Asian doctor swung up the steps of the railroad car. Once the train had pulled out, Professor Hirt scowled and looked at his hand which had clasped that of Taso Yamamoto.

"*Donnerwetter!*" he snapped to an aide. "Imagine having to play host to a man of the yellow race. It is enough to turn a good Aryan stomach."

With these words, the Reich scientist turned to other matters and within a few days forgot about his Japanese visitor. It was 1938 and Nazi Germany was on the move in Europe.

Hirt seldom wrote to Yamamoto in the next four years.

But Japanese successes in the early stages of WWII were to renew their collaboration on a far-off Pacific island.

Swift advancement had come to Yamamoto since he had visited the Anatomical Institute at Strasbourg. Now, swollen with self-importance and half-baked medical theories plagiarized from Nazi publications, Dr. Yamamoto was en route with the captives to Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, two degrees above the equator on the west coast of Borneo.

Yamamoto sat in the cabin drinking *sake* with Captain Masuko and describing the fate of the prisoners he was taking to Kuching.

"As you know, my dear captain, there is much to be learned about the human body, its functions, endurances, and weaknesses. The swine in the Western democracies have not had the courage to experiment on living persons. Our allies, the Nazis, have made tremendous medical progress along that line. Now I have been permitted to improve our own knowledge of military (Continued on page 62)

U.S. assault troops hit Batu Lintang on Sept. 11, 1945. After liberation of victims, they destroyed torture building.





Donovan refused to give an inch in trade talks.

The Man Who

As Jim Donovan watched the Communists approach him across the Iron Curtain bridge, he kept his eyes riveted on the lone American who walked behind them—the Yank flier whose capture and imprisonment in 1960 had shocked the free world.

by Martin Sol

Very early in the morning of February 9, 1962, two groups of armed men appeared on opposite sides of the Glienicker Bridge between West Berlin and Potsdam. Visibility was poor. Layers of thick fog swirled over the bridge, and the moon was sliding behind a cloud bank.

On the west side of the bridge, the Potsdam side, a steel-helmeted trooper wearing the uniform of the East German People's Army crawled quickly and silently across the damp ground and flattened himself against the first steel I-beam. He cocked his head and listened intently, but heard nothing.

"*Niemans ist da* (no one there)," he hissed.

From behind him, a man cursed softly in Russian.

Just then the moon disappeared, and two more armed soldiers crept up alongside the first. All three had slipped the safety catches of their weapons to "Off," all were tensed and ready for action.

Behind them, the Russian, Ivan Shishkin, waited impatiently. There was always the possibility something would go wrong. He prayed nothing would.

If it did, they'd have his head back in Moscow because it was he who had worked out the details of this top-secret operation. If it came off as he hoped, he'd be well rewarded. If not—it was his head.

A younger man, an American, stood up beside him, stretching his cold-stiffened muscles. He turned to Shishkin and started to speak in English. "Listen, fella—"

"Silence," Shishkin ordered. His face was mottled with anger. "If anything goes wrong, you will be the first to die."

After almost two years in a Russian prison, the American was now just a stone's throw from freedom. Getting home was a possibility, and it made him dizzy just thinking about it. He damn well wasn't going to jinx his chances now, much as he wanted to take a poke at Shishkin. Gritting his teeth, he sat down and kept quiet.

The fog began to lift, and off in the east the sun showed a few weak streaks of light. Shishkin peered intently into the waning darkness and made out a few dim figures. (Continued on page 52)

Unmasked in 1957 as Red's top U.S. spy, Abel was sure to hang until Donovan took his case.



Russians tried to bargain right up to the end of the swap, when both sides brought the prisoners to the Glienicker Bridge exchange point.



Rescued U-2 Pilot Powers From Russia



Under close guard, Powers heard Russian court convict him of "espionage" and sentence him to ten years in prison.

North America's Incredible Three-Man Trek

THE IMPOSSIBLE 60-DAY SURVIVAL

**Crash-landing in the unmapped
Far North, stumbling through a
storm-ravaged wilderness from
Oct. 11 to Dec. 10, we defied the
odds that not one man had ever
been rescued from the icy grave-
yard about to bury us forever.**

**by Emil Kading
as told to Frank H. Ellis**

ALTHOUGH I now live in a city where cold weather isn't of much consequence to the average Joe, the approach of every winter is something I hate, because it always brings bitter memories for me.

I'll never forget the suffering that Burke, Martin and I went through when we were stranded in the northern winter wilderness, starving and half frozen, hundreds of miles from the nearest human habitation. In the deep silence of the snow-filled forest, we gradually became three emaciated scarecrows awaiting what seemed certain death, as the vicious, penetrating cold bit through our sleeping bags and meager clothing right to our very bones.

The terrifying ordeal began innocently enough when prospector Robert Martin walked into our office in Atlin and asked Paddy Burke, the pilot, "How's chances of flying me over to the Hudson's Bay Company Lower Post on the Liard? I want to fetch some stuff back from there before the snow flies."

Burke said "yes," adding that I would go along on the round trip. I was engineer on the Junkers all-metal monoplane Burke was

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE

Art by Al Rossi





As Kading and Martin tore into the first flesh they had tasted in days, Burke tried to crawl to the animal.



Exhausted and almost without hope, survivors drove themselves to collect branches and make distress sign in snow.

THE IMPOSSIBLE 60-DAY SURVIVAL

flying for the Air Land Manufacturing Company, a one plane outfit.

We got away before noon on October 10, 1930, in nice flying weather, and made it with no trouble. After Martin had collected his belongings at the Post, we stowed them aboard, planning an early start on the 11th.

But weather turned sour overnight; when we took off, huge masses of clouds were collecting over the mountains to westward, along the route we had to follow.

Paddy decided that, rather than risk the route he had planned, we'd go by a longer route over Gladys and Surprise Lakes, and through another pass over the mountains.

"Would you look at that," Burke said, pointing both north and south. "The bloody mountains are packed in all the way along the Pelly's."

Burke was too smart to fight the elements, so when we were engulfed by snow only a thousand feet up, he said we'd turn back and hightail it out of there before visibility dropped to zero. He told us to keep a sharp lookout for the Liard River, because "That's where we'll damn well have to sit this out."

We spotted the river without difficulty, and down he went to a good landing through the drifting snow. Taxiing to a bank of the Liard, we tied up to a handy tree, prepared to wait for better flying weather. We ate a cold snack and bedded down in the cabin of the Junkers.

When daylight came conditions were still bad, but all of us wanted to get going. We didn't even take time to eat because to stay there was asking for trouble. If the weather got worse, we might get soaked in for days.

It was still snowing as the Junkers cleared the treetops, and the mountain ranges to the west were entirely blanked out from view. Flying in that stuff, Burke proved his greatness as a pilot, flying as close to the treetops as possible to keep them in view, watching for a break in the weather. But

when Paddy began wagging his head from side to side, I knew we weren't going to make it over the mountains.

Seconds later he burst out, "To heck with it. We can't fly through this blasted stuff." And suiting his actions to his words, he swung around 180 degrees, heading back for the river.

We strained our eyes to search ahead in case rising ground brought the treetops to our level. From one moment to the next we were gripped in a tension more of suspense than fear, and then it snapped as we spotted the river close below.

Seeing it was enough for Burke, who set the Junkers down in a smooth landing and headed for shore. But as the craft glided towards the bank, a slight tremor run through the machine when the pontoons scraped over a hidden obstruction below the surface. And ten feet from shore the Junkers settled into two feet of water with the pontoons resting solidly on gravel.

Both floats had been slashed by a hidden rock. From the moment the water began to pour into those two pontoons, our own luck began to run out.

A glance told us we could never repair the damage with the little equipment we had.

At that point, however, we weren't too worried. As our job consisted of flying over rugged country, often hundreds of miles from Atlin, Burke always left instructions with his wife: any time he was unreasonably overdue from a distant trip, she was to get in touch with company headquarters in Vancouver, British Columbia.

There were no radios in planes at that time; from the moment we became immobilized, we had no idea of what might be taking place "outside." Still, we believed that as soon as the weather eased a rescue plane would arrive to pick us up.

After a week during which snow fell every day, prospects began to dim a little, and anxiety began. No one said so outright, but the looks were there. We weren't equipped for a long stay under such circumstances. Real winter conditions were setting

in fast, and our food supply wouldn't last three men for any length of time.

We had only 25 pounds of dried beans, three tins of bully beef, similar amounts of sugar and raisins, three tins of dried vegetables, a pound of tea, and a couple of pounds of butter. Other stuff we had along were cooking utensils, three sleeping bags (but only one of winter weight), an axe, a 30-30 rifle with but 12 shells for it, 200 feet of light-weight rope, plenty of matches, and the engine tools.

I was a crack shot, so the job of hunting fell to me. This I did every day as far from the downed plane as it was safe to go, but I saw no wild game or tracks of any kind, and by the 17th I still had all 12 shells.

At that point we agreed that, since raft-travel would be too dangerous, we would head upstream on foot. Burke and I had a food cache on Junkers Lake, which we had established during the summer. (We figured it to be about a 20-mile hike from where we were. How wrong we were!)

Once at Junkers Lake, a small patch of water we had named ourselves, we planned to go another 30 miles to Wolf Lake at the head of the Liard River, where there was an Indian winter encampment.

Before starting we wrote a note and fastened it in the plane's cabin. Martin also cut a big blaze on a tree and cut a rough message in it, stating briefly what our plans were. He also mentioned that we were practically out of food.

Paddy, anxious to get moving, kept saying, "Come on, come on, let's get going. I can taste that food at Junkers now."

We set off with the temperature around the zero mark. The going was rough. Snow already stood several feet deep, and our only footwear—ordinary leather boots—was totally unsuited to those conditions.

It was October 17, and we figured to make at least ten miles a day. Nature soon changed our estimate. The fast-flowing river was still unfrozen, forcing us to travel along the bank, chest-high in snow. That was bad enough, but only a tenth of the trouble. Hidden bushes and deadfalls beneath the snow were vicious antagonists, and unseen boulders added to our misery.

Beside the brief necessities loaded on our backs, Martin carried a bucket in which to boil water, and I packed the rifle. Even though we took turns breaking the trail, we made less than four miles the first day.

Some days we didn't make even a mile; during one two-day spell we didn't move an inch, being pinned in our sleeping bags by a fierce blizzard.

On October 21, as Burke was taking his turn as trail-maker, he suddenly vanished in a flurry of snow at the steep edge of the river bank. When he came to a stop 15 feet below on the brink of the river, all we could see was a pair of wildly waving legs sticking out of the white frothy cloud that followed him down.

He righted himself and, as he crawled back up to where we were, his face was twisted in pain. Through gritted teeth he said, "I think I've busted my blasted back." We didn't realize how serious the injury was at the time, but two days later Burke couldn't go another step. Martin and I also were just about on our last legs. That day, too, marked the end of our last scraps of food.

We camped right where we were, but the word "camp" doesn't mean much because we had nothing to camp with.

Our desperation mounted as we continually searched for game of any kind. Conditions made it impossible to travel far from the "camp," and there seemed to be no living animal or bird in that whole white wilderness.

Lacking any food, and (*Continued on page 72*)

After heroic rescue, faces of Kading (l.) and Martin still reflected their fear as they told of escape from death.



GANG DOLL PICK-UP



The easiest part of Cowan's deal was contacting the wildest blonde in town—Lily, a no-limits playmate with the strangest connections. The only road-block was what she asked in return.

by Wenzell Brown

COWAN jumped as cold water hit him. He opened his eyes and stared at the shower's green walls, the stained curtains. They were unfamiliar, meaningless. He rolled clear of the water. Jerking into a sitting position, he gave a moan of pain and cradled his head in his hands. A steady throbbing beat at the temples.

A rustling sound behind him made him swing around. A girl lay on her side at the far side of a bed, her face almost buried in a pillow. All that he could see was a tangle of bright yellow hair and a slim, doll-like figure. A cheap flesh-colored nightdress moulded her full breasts and her narrow waist.

As Cowan toweled off, the girl shifted position, pulling away from the pillow. She had an elfin face with a small, pointed chin and high, thin cheekbones.

Cowan shivered a little, partly from the cool air, partly

Please Turn Next Page

**SPECIAL
BOOK
BONUS**



Shocked awake, Cowan mumbled to the smiling girl, "I got drunk, a guy slugged me. What happened after that?"

Art by Samson Pollen

from the panic that was rising within him. He must have been higher than a kite to pick up a kid like this. While he struggled with his clothing, he tried to remember what had happened the previous night. He recalled his quarrel with Agnes, the bitter words that had passed between them. He had stamped out of the house and started pub-crawling. He had been in Paddy's, Drake's, a half-dozen other bars. Vaguely, he recalled a nightclub in Greenwich Village, a place that was dimly lighted and swirled with the sickly sweet smoke of reefers. There were a few more impressions, blurred, incomplete—an argument that ended in a fight, a sense of falling.

"Hey, you really look beat," the girl said. "I bet you don't even remember last night."

"Supposing you tell me."

"Why not? You sure tied one on. You came into the Colossus Club higher than a giraffe's toupee. Then you got into a hassle with a couple guys from the Clipper mob. You went out into the alley with them and they really did a job on you. They mugged and rolled you. They even took your overcoat and hat. I guess you'd be laying there now, frozen stiff, if I hadn't come along."

It all fitted into his fragmentary memories. The girl's monotonous voice rasped on, "You didn't have no dough or nothing. But you said you'd make it up to me."

Cowan scented danger but he kept his voice level. "What else did I tell you?"

"That your name was Jack Cowan. That you live up on Sutton Place. That, if you forgot, I was to drop around and see you."

There it was. The threat was in the open now. Maybe he'd told her a lot—but not to come to Sutton Place. Not to any spot where she might run into Agnes. No matter how plastered he'd been, he'd know better than that.

He looked down at his hands. At the long, lean, strong fingers with their light meshwork of black hair. The fingers flexed automatically and he thought how easy it would be to silence the girl forever.

Cut it out, he warned himself. You were thinking the same thing about Agnes only last night. You get killing on your mind and some day you'll blow your top and really strangle somebody.

He relaxed and tried to smile. He stretched out his hand and touched that of the girl. Her skin was hot and dry, the fingers almost clawlike.

"I remember now," he said. "All except your name."

"Lily. Lily Brazil."

"Okay, Lily. What about your rustling up some coffee? Then we'll talk things over."

The girl laughed, a high-pitched, ringing giggle. "I ain't got none in the place. But we can go out for some. There's a dry suit in the closet. Try it on."

Cowan dug into his pants pocket. There was some loose change. Less than a dollar, but enough for coffee and the subway home. "Okay. I'll get some clothes on."

The girl sat up, stretching lazily, yawning. The sheer nightdress pressed tightly against the breasts, the inward slope of the stomach. She giggled again and jumped up. She crossed to a divan where she had laid out her clothes. The nightdress slipped down about her ankles and she stood naked, her back turned toward him. Cowan looked at her body, so much like a boy's.

Lily put on levis and a man's yellow shirt. Cowan dressed and moved to the window. The street looked familiar. It was somewhere in the Village but he couldn't place it.

A man lounged in an entry a few doors down, leaning against the frame of the door, smoking. Cowan's eyes flicked over him and then jerked back in a double take. The man had raised his head and was staring at the window. It seemed to Cowan that their eyes locked across the intervening space. The man was of medium height, broad-shouldered and stocky of build. The collar of his black overcoat was turned up and the brim of his grey fedora shadowed his face.

Instinctively, Cowan stepped behind the chintz curtain. He saw the man arch his cigarette into the gutter and start purposefully across the street.

A few minutes later there was a pounding at the door.

"Hey, hold your horses, willya?" Lily called out. "I'm coming."

The pounding stopped and there was the sound of Lily's grumblings and the chain being drawn back.

The man's voice was crisp, authoritative. "All right, Lily," he said. "It's Wally I want. You tell him I'm waiting."

"I can't tell him nothing. Like I said yesterday, he ain't been around. Not for a week."

"Who you think you're kidding, Lily? I just saw Bassie at the window. And where Bassie is, Wally is too."

Lily laughed shrilly.

"So I'm a liar. Okay, wise guy, come in and see for yourself."

Cowan started for Bassie but two things stopped him—Lily's warning and the coked-up guy across the room.



The man was just inside the doorway. He twisted around to face Cowan and started to speak. Then his jaw dropped wide and a look of surprise crossed his face.

Cowan studied the intruder.

"Who the hell are you?" said the man.

"That's what I'd like to ask you."

"The name's Conagher—Steve Conagher, parole officer." He produced a badge.

"I'm looking for Wally Brazil. Lily's brother. Have you seen him?"

Cowan shook his head.

Lily's strident voice cut the silence. "How many times I gotta tell you? Wally ain't here. Neither is Bassie. They've flown the coop. So why can't you leave me alone?"

Conagher didn't look at her. He shrugged and went out through the door. Lily banged it after him.

"Who's Wally?" Cowan asked.

"My brother. Wally got out of the pen about a year ago. He was on parole. I guess he busted it. Anyhow, Conagher wants to put him away again." She was crying now, the thin doll-like body racked by her sobs.

Cowan sighed. "Okay, Lily. What about that coffee?"

Over coffee Cowan thought he would tell Lily about himself, although there were some things he wouldn't tell her. Not about being raised on the wrong side of the tracks of a grimy little New England manufacturing town. Not about his mother having been a servant. Not about the stretch he'd done in the reformatory as a kid. Not about his dishonorable discharge from the Army. Those were the things you kept to yourself.

Put a little glamour into the story. Tell her about the kid who dreamed of being a concert pianist, but who had to take a crummy job with a two-bit combo that did one-night stands in the honky-tonks. Tell her about the chance he had to sign with the orchestra of a cruise ship on the West Indies run. Tell her about the smooth babes he'd met, the ones who fell all over him. But he wouldn't even give them the time of day, because he was looking for the genuine article, a dame who was dripping with dough and in the social register, too. Yeah, he'd wanted her and he'd found her—Agnes Bailey.

Her old man had owned cotton mills in Worcester, a block of office buildings in Boston. And Agnes had made headlines a long time ago when she'd married a phony Russian prince and again when she'd divorced him.

He'd known enough to bide his time but he'd maneuvered to meet her on deck late at night. He'd acted earnest and a little naïve, but he'd managed to convey the idea that he thought she was tops. When the *Amapola* had docked in Havana, he'd taken her around to all the tourist spots—Sloppy Joe's, The Tropical Gardens, Chinatown—and they'd finished up the evening in a sidewalk café opposite the Capitolio. He'd watched his drinks, been careful about his language, and told her how someday soon he was getting out of the dance band and heading for Europe to study music.

After that it had been smooth sailing. Nightly trysts on the deck and then the last night out he'd



The blade gleaming in his hand, Wally lunged for Cowan as guards tried to intercept him. They were too late.

swept her off her feet. She'd promised to marry him in New York as soon as they could get a license. Yeah, pulling the wool over Agnes' eyes had been easy, but he hadn't reckoned on McGovern, her lawyer, or Pascal, her guardian. Before they'd let the marriage go through they'd made him sign paper after paper, until not a single legal right left was left to him. He hadn't liked it, but what could he do about it without showing himself up as an out-and-out fortune hunter?

At first the marriage hadn't been so bad but, hell, you couldn't act a part forever. Pretty soon Agnes was hip to the fact that he could bang out a jazz tune on the piano and that was about all. Yeah, he'd lied to her plenty, but she'd told him some whoppers, too. She'd said she was thirty-four, but she'd never see forty again—not in this life. Besides that, her dough was all tied up. Old man McGovern had to pass on everything.

Agnes was plenty mean. She'd pay his bills at the haberdashery and the Club, but she saw to it that he never had much cash in hand. The only time she'd loosen up was when he made ardent love to her, and that was getting tougher all the time because as far as he was concerned she was an old bag and that was that.

Sure, he could have left her. But what then? Back to thumping a piano in some third-rate combo? Hell, he'd had a bellyful of that. Besides, he'd got used to good food, good clothes and a swank club, of being one of the élite.

Last night he'd picked the quarrel deliberately. She'd been wanting to make love and he couldn't put up with it any longer. So he'd blown his top over nothing and stamped out. He'd have to go crawling back, though. He'd have to soothe his wife and sweeten her up, but the longer he stayed with Lily the longer he could put it off.

He'd almost forgotten (*Continued on page 39*)



Under Gen. Karlake's orders, civilians were driven from the ruined city so troops could dig out corpses and stop looters.

The Earthquake That Shook the World:

40,000 PEOPLE BURIED ALIVE!

On May 30 the earth became a huge meat grinder, mashing the sleeping city to rubble. And before the survivors could recover, a new horror struck, threatening everything still breathing.

by Len Guttridge

TO the suddenly awakened British Colonial official who had recently spent a furlough in London, it began like an underground railroad rumbling directly beneath his bed. He blinked the sleep away, remembering he wasn't in London but back in his neat little bungalow on Bruce Road, Quetta. And in this northwest corner of what is today Pakistan, there are no underground railroads.

The realization of what had aroused him flashed in the official's mind only a fraction of a second before his bungalow walls split and fell in on him. Then a nearby 50-foot water tower, which had been quivering like a pole-axed giant, keeled over and



smashed what remained of the shattered bungalow.

All along Bruce Road, Lytton Road and the rest of Quetta's European district, the trees were thrashing wildly. Every structure was caved in, crushing out the lives of retired generals, wealthy Anglo-Indians, civil servants.

Among the civil servants was a young Britisher fresh from the Colonial Office in London to take over as Quetta's political agent. He had arrived with a brief case packed with administrative plans; but he never got a chance to try them out because the first thing he did in Quetta was to get married and the next was to die with his bride in the débris of

their new bungalow. Many thousands joined them.

For just half-a-minute on that Friday morning, 100 miles of subterranean strata ground massively against each other, triggering violent shock waves which ripped in every direction. They bypassed the Victorian-built Army Staff College, where only a gentle rain of plaster dust disturbed the sleeping occupants; but to the west, the big new RAF base rocked like a raft on a storm-tossed sea.

Barracks, mess-halls, the hospital, workshops and airplane hangars crumpled simultaneously, and avalanches of masonry fell on 500 British and Indian personnel. Huge iron (Continued on page 76)

Karslake's men directed search for living in disease-swept area while residents buried or cremated dead relatives.



A model on the move, Erika Jorger has dated men all over the world, and she finds most of them lots of fun. "But Americans are too serious," she insists. "Before you know it, they're talking marriage—turning what could be a real ball into a real bore."



NO LAUGHING MATTER







◀ GIs, separated from their units during early phase of the Battle of the Bulge, banded together and harassed Germans from hiding places in the Büllingen Forest.

In one week—Dec. 17-24, 1944—the lone-wolf officer welded a handful of pick-up troops into a deadly outfit that completely disrupted Nazi forces bursting through thinly strung U.S. defense lines in Belgium.

by Lew Barker

IT was the night before Christmas, and the only things moving in the Büllingen Forest were the Germans. They'd been on the move since just after dusk, bringing through a heavy column of reinforcements to relieve General Sepp Dietrich's battered Panzers, bogged down by the 82nd Airborne's fierce resistance outside Manhay.

By midnight, the column—spearheaded by Mark IV's and huge King Tiger tanks—had rumbled through the tiny Belgian village of Meyerode, turned off the main highway into the snowbound forest and was winding along a narrow trail. To avoid collisions, the lead tanks were moving slowly, spaced 200 yards apart, their running lights on.

The Panzer captain in the first tank was riding braced against his turret, eyes peeled for any obstructions on the trail ahead. Suddenly a heavy clump of snow fell from a branch just a few yards ahead of him. Automatically, he glanced up—too late.

A ghostly white figure came dropping down on him.

Desperately the captain clawed at the arm that closed vise-like around his throat. He tried to shout, but a knife plunged savagely into his rib cage and he made a kind of soft sobbing noise instead. Again the knife twisted deeply and this time there was no sound at all—just a thin dribble of blood from the corner of his mouth. Released, he crumpled silently into the turret.

The white-clad figure dropped a grenade down after him, then leaped clear of the moving tank. There was a

PLEASE TURN PAGE

LT. WOOD'S CUT-OFF PATROL THAT AMBUSHED A PANZER DIVISION

LT. WOOD'S CUT-OFF PATROL

muffled explosion and the Mark IV skidded to a stop, shaken by more explosions as its ammunition began going off. A few seconds later it burst into flames, the front end crumpling in like a paper bag, treads snapping.

The phantom plunged off into deep snow, dodging from tree to tree, then dropped down behind a snowbank and scrambled along it to where five other white-draped figures lay waiting.

"That did it up nice, Lieutenant," said one, clipping a cartridge belt into the light machine gun he was crouching over.

"You better be right," grinned the phantom—blond, husky Lieutenant Eric F. Wood, Jr., formerly with the 589th Field Artillery Battalion and now leader of his own five-man army deep behind the Nazi lines. "I've got only one grenade left." He peered over the snowbank. "O.K., spread out. Here they come."

His .45 in one hand, the grenade in the other, the young lieutenant—who looked more like a full-back version of the boy next door than the cool, calculating killer that circumstances had made him—scrambled off into the darkness. Seconds later, another Mark IV came swinging into view. It ground to a stop behind the first tank, and then, seeing that flames were already licking at its fuel

tank, hurriedly started to back away, colliding with a huge King Tiger that came pulling up behind it. As the two monsters desperately maneuvered, more equipment began to pile up along the trail behind them, making escape impossible. Suddenly the first Mark IV went up with a flaming roar, setting off the ammunition in the second one. Figures began to pour out of the tanks.

Lieutenant Wood took careful aim and fired. At this signal, the machine gun opened up. The milling tank crews, outlined against the flames like figures in a shooting gallery, began to crumple into the snow. It was a slaughter. Surviving Germans quickly pinpointed the fire, however, and began tossing lead back. Bullets flicked overhead like red-hot bees, whirling up snow on all sides. Lieutenant Wood took a cautious peek over the bank—just in time to see the King Tiger's turret swinging toward them.

He tried to shout a warning, but before he could there was an earth-shaking roar and he was knocked flat, his mouth and eyelids torn open by a hot blast of air that pressed the wind out of his lungs. Snow and earth came raining down, trees snapped like matchsticks.

Struggling to his knees, Wood crawled along the bank to where the machine gun had been. Man-

Gen. Dietrich's Sixth SS Army patrols scoured the frozen countryside, trying to corner Wood's "enchanted hunters."



gled scraps of it lay here and there and among them—half-buried in a blood-soaked patch of snow—was the gunner. He was ripped open from belly to chin, whimpering softly, his hands folding around his quivering intestines.

Behind him Wood could hear shots and the crunching sound of heavy jack boots plunging through snow. He whirled around. Some 40 Germans, armed with burp guns and rifles, were coming on the run.

"Let's clear out of here," he shouted, then fell in behind the four shadowy figures that went zig-zagging through the trees ahead. Suddenly a shot rang out and he spun around crazily, his knees buckling. He pitched forward into the snow, tried to get up, but fell back, pain knifing through his shoulder. Behind him he could hear the jack-booted Krauts coming to get him. . . .

Only nine days earlier, Lieutenant Eric Wood had been just another battery exec along the "phony front" in the Ardennes, sitting it out on the exposed Schnee Eifel—the Allies' first breach in Germany's inner defensive ring—firing off occasional rounds to keep his battery of 105s from freezing up, playing poker, wondering when the war would be over.

Then, just before dawn on December 16, 1944,

the Krauts had suddenly come slashing through, flares exploding overhead, searchlights bouncing off the low-hanging clouds and bathing everything in an eerie half-light.

Desperate calls came flooding in from fire-direction centers, reporting enemy infantry and motorized stuff sweeping toward them. Wood whipped his battery into shape and soon had them getting off eight and finally a fantastic 14 and a half rounds a minute. But still they came in—until Wood could actually hear tank concentrations only a few thousand yards up the road.

Immediately he prepared for close defense, grouping his howitzers together and setting up machine gun emplacements. But before his crews even had time to dig in new trails, he spotted snow-suited German infantry coming in behind a herd of stampeding cattle they were using to detonate mines and act as cover.

Wood ordered the MGs manned and then, as the Krauts hit the snow, he threw his 105s into action again, loading every type of ammunition he had left—high explosive, white phosphorus, armor-piercing—using Charge 1, the least powerful, at point-blank ranges. Without trails, the gun crews had to brace the carriages with their bodies, taking up all the recoil they (*Continued on page 58*)

Hit-and-run raids on critical installations softened Nazis for attack that crushed Germans' Ardennes campaign.



LAST MINUTE

GIs:

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV'S wall across Berlin is ONE YEAR OLD August 13. . . . Russian navy brass are toying with the idea of a corps of MENTAL TELEPATHISTS. Purpose: Static-free transmission and eventual elimination of all RADIO EQUIPMENT. . . . Our tough little friends of the VIET NAM HOME GUARD, the hottest jungle fighters in the world, all go into combat with "SAT CONG" tattooed on their backs. It means "Let's Kill Reds!" Also means any man caught with it CAN EXPECT NO MERCY from the Commies. . . .

Even though the IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY has formally announced it has dumped its guns and will shoot no more ENGLISHMEN, there is fear the IRA boys are only taking a breather, for no one's found just WHERE the guns are dumped. . . . And those vicious, ambitious Algerian anti-deGaulle terrorist recruiters specifically try to WOO TEEN-AGE GIRL WARRIORS INTO THE RANKS. It's been found girls can do all the damage a



man can do. French troops are RELUCTANT TO SHOOT BACK. . . . And speaking of all-girl armies, Southerners, for some reason, are just flipped over the idea of OWNING THEIR OWN PRIVATE ARMIES OF GUERRILLA LADIES. Some strange psychological explanation here somewhere. In the meantime, the TREASURY DEPARTMENT'S not interested in psychology, only in those automatic weapons all ALL-GIRL ARMIES seem to get, and seizes every one not registered with the Alcohol Tax Unit. Looks like the T-Men want to DRIVE THE LADIES BACK TO THE KITCHEN. . . .

GI SCANDAL OF THE MONTH: We've got 17,000 top airmen in Alaska watching Siberia and waiting for possible RED ATTACK, and should be more than enough to WARN AND HOLD till reinforcements arrive. BUT . . . these 17,000 are just apt to get creamed because SOMEBODY in the Pentagon won't give them MODERN OFFENSIVE AIRCRAFT to fight back against the Indians till the cavalry comes. A few F-102 short-range low altitude fighters, some Nike missiles, a little

ground support is about all they have. ALTHOUGH IT WEAKENS OUR CONTINENTAL DEFENSE, IT BORDERS ON A SELLOUT TO PUT THOSE MEN THERE WITHOUT THE FIGHTING STUFF. . . .

CRIME FILE:

For some reason yet un-figured, LADY DRUNKS invariably try to EAT every cent they have when cops haul them to the station house. . . . The mere THOUGHT OF JAIL is so frightening to some citizens, no matter how slight their offense, THEY DIE THERE IF SENTENCED TO MORE THAN 30 DAYS. Forty-six did it in NYC last year. . . . The irony in MURDER TRIALS is that a tough judge may give you the chair even if you ONLY DROVE THE GETAWAY CAR, while with a different judge and DA the GUY WHO PULLED THE TRIGGER may only get 20 years with TIME OFF for good behavior, yet. . . .

OVERSEAS CRIME FILE: Russia—Jaywalkers get life if they cause fatal accidents. . . . East Germany—COUNTERFEITERS are out of business because they CAN'T GET GOVERNMENT PRIORITIES NEEDED FOR PAPER, INK, ETC. . . . England—The REALLY SMART holdup men all wear BOWLER HATS. Reason: Bowlers are favorite headgear of LORDS, ARISTOCRATS, ROYALTY, and the bobbies are slow to man-handle anyone wearing one. . . . Algeria—men and women with SMOULDERING GRUDGES now murdering each other wholesale, and blaming the killings on the EXTREMIST SECRET ARMY. . . . Thailand—They jug you if you dawdle in coffee shops DURING WORKING HOURS. . . .

In Florida, it's a jail offense for unmarried girls to PARACHUTE JUMP ON SUNDAY. . . . For coolness in the face of death a gal named Frankie Silvers of Toe River, N.C., takes the cake. When she was hanged for AXING HER HUSBAND, she climbed the gallows MUNCHING PASTRY, wouldn't let the hangman fit his noose TILL SHE ATE IT ALL. . . .



It's been a long time coming, but one N.Y. judge fed up with young morons ASSAULT-

MEMO FOR MEN

ING COPS, has finally given the OK to use NIGHTSTICKS as they're supposed to be used. Said Judge Fred Young, Court of Claims: "Taking a prisoner into custody is not a personal contest between the officer and defendant. FORGET THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY RULES. . . ."

MEN OF ACTION:

If a man can pass the PAPUAN MANHOOD TEST (jumping from a 60-foot tower with a 50-foot rope tied to one ankle, so he just BARELY clears the ground) he can have ANY WOMAN HE WANTS FOR A YEAR. . . .



But possibly the MOST GRUELLING TEST OF A MAN in the whole world is to scale the north face of the Matterhorn in winter. In 2,000 years of mountaineering, only TWO have beaten this 14,701-foot sheet of ice and snow. Barely a foothold anywhere. . . . Antonino Rocca, the rock of TV wrestling, HAS A COLLEGE DEGREE AND SPEAKS FIVE LANGUAGES. His favorite pastime is lecturing on philosophy. . . .

In spite of what the fight boys say, it's NOT the force of the THE PUNCH that knocks a man out, but the way his BRAIN SLOSHES AROUND INSIDE HIS SKULL. Proof: College boxers IN HEADGEAR get knocked out. Also, you can make yourself UNCONSCIOUS simply by shaking your head too hard. Actually, the hardest on a man is the KIDNEY PUNCH; it hurts most and after any fight over five rounds, BOTH BOYS WILL SHOW BLOOD IN THE URINE. . . . Wildest MAKEOUT CAR in the country is ELVIS PRESLEY'S CADILLAC. It has: TV, hi-fi, powder "room," tape recorder, gold-plated hub caps, and a LOUD-SPEAKER outside so he can sing to the babes as he drives along. . . .

You may know this already, but if not, one of the handiest extras you'll ever stick in your tackle box is A ROLL OF PLASTIC TAPE. Good for waterproofing, protecting fishhook tips, patching tents—in other words, GOOD FOR ANYTHING NEEDING QUICKIE PATCHING OR PROTECTION. . . .

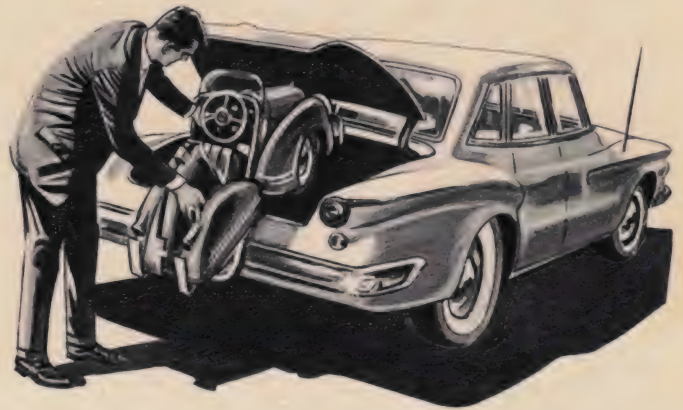
WHAT'S NEW:

For the outdoorsman: Portable POWER PACK that gives you 110 volts right off your back for camp lights, power saws, etc. . . . Another great new WALKIE-TALKIE KIT. Nothing new about WTs, but this one picks up EVEN A WHISPER. Which means: If you've found a fat deer herd, you can call your buddies WITHOUT SPOOKING THE BEASTS. . . . A VACUUM CLEANER THAT LURES AND DESTROYS pesky bugs. . . . A "WATER SCAVENGER" which pulls dirt and bacteria from even sewage, and makes it pure and sweet. Even handles RADIOACTIVE PLUTONIUM. . . . Chemical one-shots that chase away sharks while you're landing sailfish or marlin. If the critters start nibbling your catch, just attach one to the line. IT SLIDES DOWN LIKE PAPER SLIDES UP A KITE STRING. . . .

For the handyman: The very first FLUORESCENT EXTENSION LIGHT . . . 20-foot drop won't break it. . . . FUZZY FLOOR TILES: soft as angora two inches thick, saw-tooth interlocking edges. . . . PAINTED CIRCUIT TV ANTENNAE; looks like bird wings, hides behind a picture. . . .

For the man with everything: A STEREO CAMERA YOU WEAR ON YOUR HEAD. . . .

For the auto nut: A three-passenger SPARE CAR; weighs 225 pounds, folds up like a camp chair and FITS IN THE TRUNK. . . . And if you want a SPARE TO FIT IN THE TRUNK OF THE SPARE, try one of the tiny new SCOOTERETTES: 75 pounds, 35 mph, \$140. . . .



WOMEN:

In several Midwest states the wife can now divorce you IF SHE CATCHES YOU GETTING TOO FRIENDLY WITH SOME OTHER CHICK IN THE COMMUNITY FALLOUT SHELTER DURING AN AIR RAID DRILL. . . . And in N.Y., if a girl's parents are REALLY LOUSY, they can have her locked up for SLEEPING WITH A GUY NOT OF HER RELIGIOUS FAITH. . . .

English strumpets: The MOTORING SPINSTERS over there get so bloody mad at the sight of COUPLES NECKING in other cars that

continued on page 38

TEXAN KING OF AFRICA'S EXOTIC WOMAN VILLAGE

To repay the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture expert for his help, the tribe set him up with food, a house and his pick of mistresses. But Tullis' 19-month paradise ended when a band of renegade warriors erupted in a reign of terror.

by Dean Ballenger

ABOUT six o'clock the morning of Sunday, March 2, 1958, the jungles which border the fields surrounding the Cameroun village of Rei-Bouba erupted with howling Bassa warriors.

Harold S. "Tex" Tullis, who had been eating breakfast with Sembi, his pretty native mistress, ran to the door of the little concrete house. He was carrying his .375 magnum rifle. He steadied the rifle's barrel on the door sill and chest-shot one of the approaching Bassas. Then five more.

Two hundred surviving warriors kept racing up the village's one street, however, so Tex slammed the door and bolted it. He threw his rifle onto the bed and jerked a 10-gauge shotgun off the wall. He ran to the window. With machetes, Bassas were chopping bloody paths, butchering Rei-Bouba's inhabitants.

Too many horrors were taking place at once. While Tex mowed down Bassas butchering a native family, he saw another Bassa pick up a little girl by her hair, swing his machete and slice off her head. Tex's shot made pulp of the Bassa's face.

About 15 Bassas, seeing Tex, ran toward the concrete house. Tex put his 10-gauge's sights on the belly of the howler who led them. The charge tore through the Bassa's guts and into the belly of the warrior behind him.

But he could not stem the attack against the peaceful farming village. Before his eyes, the Bassas disemboweled and beheaded scores of men, women and children. In an hour, they ran back into the jungle, their slaughtering completed.

Watching them go, Tex cursed violently. He cursed the Bassas. He cursed the rotting (*Continued on page 68*)





As the Bassa warriors hacked closer and closer, Tullis raised his shotgun, ready to cover Sembi's dash across the river.

Art by Charles Copeland

LAST MINUTE MEMO FOR MEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

they often BLACK OUT, crash fenders, run the other cars into ditches. . . . When it comes to STRIPPERS AND WIVES, the English blokes go balmy over THIN GIRLS for the first, but invariably look for CHUBBY GIRLS WITH BAD TEETH for the second. . . . A survey of English ROWING TEAMS, best in the world, shows four oarsmen in five PREFER GIRL



COXSWAINS OVER BOYS. For some reason, they obey commands something like THREE TIMES AS FAST. . . .

Shocking U.S. high school study shows the TEENAGE GIRLS who start SMOKING before age 16 are usually having INTERCOURSE by the time they're 17. . . .

And another shocking but true and ugly thing about our WOMEN is that LESBIANISM is becoming a popular extra-curricular PASTIME among American WIVES. Psychologists say Lesbianism increases in DIRECT PROPORTION TO INCREASES IN MALE HOMOSEXUALITY. . . . A couple of Greenwich Village BEATNIK BABES call themselves the SWINGING SISTERS, Inc., hire themselves out to TOURISTS, SOCIETY PARTIES, etc., and charge \$25/night just to do what they do every night anyway: DISROBE AND ACT NUTTY. . . .

MISCELLANEOUS:

Forget that Madison Avenue oil about MARGARINE containing fewer CALORIES than BUTTER. They're the same. Margarine's just easier on your heart, is all. . . . The Pilgrims goofed; NO COWS ON THE MAYFLOWER. . . . There are still 1,500 covered bridges in the U. S. . . . 8,000,000 Americans have trouble seeing the Red, White and Blue because they're COLOR BLIND. . . .

Bar bet of the month: Who invented the TRAFFIC LIGHT? One Dr. John A. Harriss did, that's who. . . .

Most geniuses are SANE. . . . SEALS GET LONESOME and look for people to adopt them. . . . If you commute to work, your friendly neighborhood RAILROAD is tradi-

tion-bound to LET YOU DRIVE THE ENGINE HOME THE DAY YOU RETIRE. . . . The blokes at Oxford have turned their WINE CELLARS into FALLOUT SHELTERS. . . . Somebody in Syracuse, N. Y., pays all his TRAFFIC FINES with COUNTERFEIT MONEY. . . . Beer clots blood; whiskey doesn't. . . .

YOUR DOLLAR:

If you're not making \$104/week or more in your shop, you've got a LOUSY UNION or a LOUSY BOSS, or perhaps BOTH. The country-wide FACTORY PAY AVERAGE IS \$104.39. OR maybe it's because YOU don't have the courage to demand it. . . . A Midwest FUNERAL PARLOR, gimmicking INSTALLMENT PLAN BURIALS, has this slogan: "Die Now—Pay Later."

Hot-line job tips of the month: ARMY RECREATION SPECIALISTS: Overseas, two-year contract work as civilians in service clubs. Must be: age 21, good in arts, drama, library work, something like that. . . . FUNERAL CAR DRIVERS: Easiest, cleanest driving work there is, pay \$150-plus. And with population jumping, more people die. Which means: MORE DRIVERS NEEDED every year. . . .

Puerto Rico VACATION TIP: Eat and drink FREE at the gambling casinos, use the pools, tennis courts of the schmaltz hotels FREE, stay at the YMCA for \$18/WEEK. You'll get EXACTLY what the \$100/day suckers get. . . .

If you find you're starting to booze a little on the job, and figure you've got an UNDERSTANDING BOSS who'll overlook it, just remember 9 of 10 see things this way: "We don't have any problems with alcoholics. We fire 'em." THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU. . . . The income tax crowd REJECTED 38 applications for REFUND on the ground that



the applicants COULDN'T have had much income. They were CONVICTS. . . . Only 600 bills of \$10,000 denomination are in circulation. . . .



Gang Doll Pick-up

Continued from page 25

he'd been talking to Lily because in reality he hadn't been. He'd been gabbing to himself. He crushed out his last cigarette, suddenly aware that she'd been taking it all in. "You know, I bet I could help you," she said.

Cowan laughed. "What could you do, kid?"

"Not me personally. But I got connections. You ought to meet Bessie."

"Who the hell's Bessie?"

"He used to be one of Rummy Dolson's boys. He and my brother are like that." She held up two fingers, close together.

"Yeah, and he ran out on you, didn't he?"

"But I can find him."

Cowan got up, feeling like a fool at spilling over to the girl. The café was getting crowded and stuffy, anyway. "Come on, let's go."

"Okay. But you can't go home that way. There's an old coat that Bessie left at my place. You come on up and I'll give it to ya."

Cowan shook his head. But when they got outside, he found a harsh sleet was blowing in on the wind. He shivered and as Lily took his arm, he let her lead him back toward her place.

The room didn't look so bad now that he was more used to it. At least it was warm.

COWAN kissed Lily on the mouth. For a moment she stood still against him, then her arms encircled his neck, drawing him closer. He kissed her again and felt her small sharp teeth hard against his lips.

"Don't leave me, Jack," she whispered. "Not yet."

He straightened, suspicious again. "What about your brother? What if he walks in on us?"

"What if he does? It's none of his business. Anyway, he'll be catting up somewhere while the heat's on. The Clippers will put him hip to Conagher staking off the joint."

"The Clippers?"

"Yeah, the neighborhood mob. Remember I told you it was a couple of Clippers who rolled you?"

Lily held out her hand. In the palm lay six cylinders of yellow paper.

He knew what they were—trouble. Boom, gauge, reefers. Pick your own name, but it was still marijuana, the stuff that dreams are made of.

He lit up and drew the smoke in deep, blowing it out in little puffs. Lily crossed to the bed and crouched upon it, drawing her legs up beneath her so that the blue levis were skintight against her slender, rounded thighs. Cowan waited a minute, feeling the strength seep into him. Then he crushed out the reefer and went to her, bending down, picking her up in his arms.

When he got ready to leave, Lily thrust the coat into his arms. It was hideous. A

cheap, shoddy, ready-made with a bold herringbone pattern of black and white. The hat was a snap-brim of greenish gray, and he eyed it with distaste. But he could hear the wind whistling about the house, glimpse the snow through the frosted window. He let her slip the coat on to him and, oddly, it was a perfect fit. He kissed her again hurriedly, patted her arm, then he left.

The doorman at the Cartigan Arms hesitated for a moment before opening the door. Cowan felt like making a crack, but it would be pointless with a guy who had no more expression than a hard-boiled egg. He kept his face half-buried in the collar of his overcoat, feeling conspicuous because of his unshaven face, the loud coat, and the stained hat. The elevator boy was standing at attention. He tried to think of the boy's name. Herbert, that was it. Maybe if he could explain his disheveled appearance, Herbert would look at him as though he were half-way human.

He cleared his throat, but somehow the correct words wouldn't take shape. He never did have the right approach to the servants.

Herbert slid the elevator door open at the fourth floor, and Cowan got out without having said a word. With luck he'd be able to get to his room, shave, shower and change before anyone saw him.

His luck didn't hold. Yvette, Agnes' French maid, was in the entrance hall. She raised her plump hands with little fluttering gestures when she saw him. "Oh, Monsieur, you frightened me."

"Don't get in an uproar," he said harshly. "I got mugged, that's all."

There was a half a fifth of bourbon on his dresser. He grabbed the bottle and took a couple of long swigs, then stripped. A shower and a shave brought him back to life and made him realize how hungry he was. In his bathrobe, he rummaged around in the kitchen and wolfed down some sandwiches.

Back in his room, he started dressing slowly, thinking of what he had to do. He was flat broke and he'd have to get his hands on some folding stuff, but fast. And that meant he'd have to sweeten Agnes up tonight.

HE hummed as he dressed, selecting the charcoal gray suit that Agnes liked, a white shirt, a solid-colored tie. Personally he preferred clothes with more color, a bit of flash. But this was Agnes' show.

Yvette was just leaving Agnes' room. She sidled by without giving him a glance. He stepped inside. Agnes was on the big bed, propped up by pillows, a book resting on her lap.

He said her name softly. Agnes looked up, pretending indifference, and he knew that she had been aware of his presence all the

time. He cupped both of her hands in his and covered her fingers with kisses.

Agnes stirred a bit and he could feel the pressure of her fingers inside his palm. He'd won again.

She stirred restlessly on the bed, and suddenly Agnes and Lily merged into one impatient woman waiting for him. Tremors passed through his hands and eagerness made his movements clumsy . . .

He hadn't been to Lily's place for five days. He wasn't going to see her again. He was really straightening himself out, spacing his drinks, smoothing things over with Agnes. There was a reason. He had a big deal on and he didn't want to miff it.

Tom McGovern had come to him with the idea first. Tom had a friend named Schock who did a small business in phonograph records. Schock had been cutting his own platters for a long time—mostly jazz, with a little longhair stuff thrown in. Schock was doing all right but he wanted to expand and head for national distribution. That's where Tom fitted into the picture, Cowan too. They'd put up the capital and come in as equal partners.

COWAN was skeptical but he had his own reasons for playing ball. A business would mean handling big money and some of it was going to stick to his fingers.

The ball was rolling already. Tom had set up an office and showroom in the Parsur Building on Madison Avenue, and Cowan was heading there now. He stepped out of the elevator of the Cartigan Arms and flipped Herbert a buck. What the hell? He'd soon be in the chips; he could afford to be generous.

He swung past the doorman and out on to Sutton Place. He was halfway down the block when he drew up short. A girl was standing on the corner. The too-thin body, the boyish stance were familiar.

Cowan bore down hard on the girl without checking his stride. He could see her arms reach out to touch him, but he shied away.

"Not here, Lily. For God's sake, not here. Around the corner."

He slowed down after he rounded the corner. Her fingers reached for his lapel, and he struck viciously at her hand. She uttered a thin, sharp cry of pain and her face went white. He snarled, "What you trying to do? Queer my pitch with Agnes? Screw up my affairs?"

She stared at him, her eyes wide open, her lips trembling. "Jack, have you forgot all you said to me? I been waiting day after day, hoping you'd come."

The first thing was to get her farther away from Sutton Place. A taxi cruised by, its flag up. Cowan hailed it, bundled Lily in

and got in beside her. She clung to him, burying her head against his shoulder and sniffing.

He started to give the address to the driver but she said, "I ain't there no longer. The landlady bounced me. She said there were too many cops around, too much trouble."

"Where's the new place?"

She gave him the address and he passed it on to the driver.

Lily led him to the second floor. She took a key from her purse and unlocked a door. She slipped into the room ahead of him, flicked on the lights, and began to undress as if they were married. He took a few steps across the threshold, then whirled at the sound of the door closing behind him.

A man was between him and the door. A little man with close-cropped yellow hair, dead-white skin, tiny ferret-like features, a pointed chin, and eyes that were a washed-out blue and seemed abnormally large. He was grinning, showing small, pointed teeth, and Cowan didn't need two guesses to name the guy. He'd be Wally, Lily's brother.

WALLY stood there, the grin on his face, his eyes blank. Cowan suddenly realized the guy was coked to the gills, that he must just have had a fix.

A voice from somewhere in the room said, "Come on in and sit down. Let's all get chummy."

Cowan turned slowly. A man was seated on a rumpled bed by the bay window. A revolver hung negligently in his hand. Cowan had a sense of having met this man before. There was something familiar about the dark hair growing to a widow's peak, and the narrow, regular, handsome features. Then with a start he realized this man looked much like himself. Bessie!

Wally was still standing at the door, a razor-sharp switchblade in his hand. There was no way out, not without a fight, and Cowan wouldn't stand a chance with his fists against a knife and a gun. He dropped into a chair.

Cowan's gaze circled the room. An old-fashioned coat stand stood at the head of the bed where Bessie was crouching. His eyes lingered on the coat hanging there. There was no mistaking his handsome Irish tweed, a mottled brown flecked with yellow. The pieces were falling into place now. Bessie and Wally must have mugged him in the alley then told Lily to pick him up.

"Lily's been telling us a lot of things about you, Jack," Bessie said in a harsh monotone. "And me and Wally's all set to do you a big favor. Lily says your wife's lousy with money that's heavy but she don't like to part with any of the lettuce. Well, we can fix you up, Jack. We can do a real sweet job for you."

Cowan couldn't believe what he was hearing. Was Bessie actually suggesting murder?

"Me and Wally's experts at this sort of thing. Some night your wife goes walking along a dark street and she gets robbed and mugged. And while it's happening, somebody sticks a knife into her. It's all cut and dry—another hold-up. As for you, Jack, you're in the clear. You can be in Kalamazoo or San Diego."

Cowan decided to play for time. "What's the proposition?"

Bessie laughed. "Five grand to set you on top of the world."

"I couldn't raise a thousand. Not if my life depended on it."

"We ain't crowding you. A little here, a little there. It all adds up. And when you hit the halfway mark, we go into action."

"And then you have me on the spot for the rest of my life."

"Not me and Wally. We're hot, boy. All we want is out. For five grand we can get to Mexico or Rio and we'll be out of your hair for good. This is a deal you can't afford to turn down. How much you got on you?"

"About eighty bucks."

Lily's hand snaked into his vest pocket and drew out his pigskin wallet. She extracted the bills and put them on the table.

Bessie smiled. "Leave him a fiver for taxi fare."

Lily put a bill back in the wallet and thrust it into his coat pocket.

"You bought yourself a bargain, Jack," Bessie said. "But don't get no fancy ideas about running to the cops. Me, Wally and Lily all got our stories straight. You came here trying to hire us to kill your wife. Maybe we can't make it stick, but one thing is sure as hell—you put in a squeal, you kiss all your money good-bye. And one more thing, you go stoolie on us and sooner or later we'll catch up with you." He smirked to get his meaning across. "You got that straight?"

"Yeah." What else was there to say?

Bessie caressed the muzzle of his revolver. "Well, don't forget it."

It was a gag. It had to be. Guys didn't run around offering to kill your wife—not even for five grand. Four days had gone by and Cowan was beginning to breathe easily again.

He'd have flipped his lid for sure if it hadn't been for Tom McGovern. Tom had thrown himself into the work of fixing up the new office with an enthusiasm that was contagious.

One morning he was just leaving home when he heard the hall telephone ring. The sweat from his hand made the instrument slippery. "Hello," he said quietly.

"You know who this is?"

"Sure," said Cowan.

"I'm calling about that little deal."

COWAN wanted to protest, but thought better of it. Right now the most important thing was to get Bessie off the phone. "What about it?"

"It's about time for another payment. Four hundred and twenty-five bucks will bring it up to an even five hundred."

"Supposing I can't raise it?"

"That'd be bad, real bad. I've been checking on your set-up there. Your wife's lawyer is a guy named Sam McGovern and her guardian's called Eugene Pascal. Maybe I ought to get in touch with these guys and make sure you're on the up-and-up."

"Where'll I meet you?"

"Lily's place," Bessie chuckled. "The first one. She's back at the old stand. I had a chat with her landlady and everything's okay now."

"I'll be there at four."

It was like playing a record over again.

The grimy hall. The steep stairs. Even the jive music pouring out of Lily's room sounded the same. At his knock, she pulled the door open, and her arms were about him. But he yanked at her wrists and shoved her back into the room.

"Keep your filthy rotten hands off me!"

She crouched against the wall as his eyes

searched the room. There was no one else there and he went into the bathroom. That was empty too. He came back to Lily.

"Where's Bessie? Wally?"

"They ain't here. Nobody's here but me."

He glared at Lily, wanting to strike her, and she added, "Jack, I didn't mean no harm. I thought I was doing you a favor. I thought Bessie could get rid of your wife and then we could get married. We could be together forever."

In spite of his fear and his anger, he wanted to laugh. "Where's Bessie?" he repeated coldly.

"He ain't coming. He told me to get the dough from you and deliver it to him."

"Okay, I raised the money. But you tell Bessie this is the end."

Lily began to cry. "Jack, I'm scared. You don't know what Bessie's like when he's crossed." He started by her, but she clung to him. "Jack, you gotta listen. Bessie knows about me and you. He hates you. He'd like to kill you."

SOMETHING swelled and burst within him. Anger, fear, frustration, the sudden need to defy Bessie—all fused into an uncontrollable wave of passion. He swept Lily into his arms, kissing her throat and lips. He gasped and mumbled incoherently as Lily arched against him . . .

Another respite. Three days this time. No telephone calls. No one waiting on the street corner for him. No demands for money. Cowan spent as much time away from Sutton Place as he could. The office seemed safer. Bessie wouldn't dare pull anything in so public a place.

Cowan was sticking as close as he could to Tom, but it wasn't always easy. Then there was another phone call from Bessie, and Cowan was told to come across with the rest of the money.

"I can't keep on raising money," said Cowan frantically. "You know I can't."

"Sure you can, Jack. Butter up the missus. Snag a piece of her jewelry and pawn it. Spin her a line."

That night he went to Agnes' room. She was lying on her bed, her head thrown back against her pillow, her eyes closed.

"Agnes," he called hoarsely.

She stirred and opened her eyes, staring at him. He teetered forward and stood over her, his lips moving, seeking the words to tell her what she must know.

She drew away from him and he could see the fear growing in her eyes. He fell to his knees, his arms flung out across the bed, his head buried in the sheets.

"Get out! You're drunk."

"Agnes, you're in danger."

"No. No. Get out."

He leaned over and seized her wrists. She struggled to free herself as he tried to draw her close. Her face became a mask of fear and she kicked out wildly, sending the bed coverings sliding to the floor.

"You're going to die, Agnes, unless you do as I say. Can't you understand? You're going to die."

The blow came without warning, knocking him to his knees. Before he could collect himself there was a second blow that toppled him to the floor. He rolled over, staring dazedly at the spread-legged figure a few feet away from him. Yvette stood, a chair raised threateningly above him. She was spitting out words in a mixture of French and

English, calling him names, shouting for him to leave.

Cowan got to the door and went to his room. He fell asleep in his clothes.

He went to the office the next morning. Tom and Agnes had always hit it off fine. Maybe Tom would intervene on his behalf. Why hadn't he thought of that before?

When he arrived at the office, Tom said, "Early this morning Agnes had my old man on the phone. She claims you went off your nut last night, that you attacked her."

"It wasn't like that, Tom. It was all a mistake."

"Some mistake! The old man hustled up to the apartment. Agnes was hysterical and Yvette swears that you tried to choke Agnes last night. She said you were threatening to kill her."

Cowan hunched forward, his face serious, his voice troubled. "I'm in a jam, Tom, a real jam. I been trying to get up my nerve to tell you about it for a long time."

"You know I'll help you if I can, Jack."

"Sure, but I was ashamed to have to come to you. Besides I felt like a fool. You see, about three weeks ago I picked up with some guy at the Club. I'd never seen him before but we had a couple of drinks together, then a couple more. After a while we left and started drinking our way along the avenue. We picked up two more fellows and the guy I'd started out with faded out of the picture. I was getting higher and higher and it seemed to me these guys were real pals.

"When one of them suggested a friendly little game of poker, I was tight enough to think it was a swell idea. We all got into a car and they drove to some fleabag hotel near Times Square. We started playing and the drinks kept coming up. Maybe I drank myself blind or maybe they slipped me a mickey. Anyway, I passed out and that's all I remember until I came to in a hallway. All my money was gone and I felt like hell, but at the time I reckoned I'd got off easy."

HE stopped and glanced at Tom's face. Tom looked sympathetic and a little embarrassed.

"A few days later, some goon comes around. He's got my I.O.U. for a thousand dollars. Maybe it's genuine, maybe it's a fake. I don't know. Anyway I tell him to shove it. But pretty soon I learn he means business. He and another guy start pestering me. Every time I go home, one of them is hanging around Sutton Place. And when I go to the Club, they're out in front waiting for me. I try to tell them I haven't got a thousand bucks. But with my clothes and my address they won't believe me.

"All along they been threatening to beat me up, but that didn't scare me too much. But last night they caught me in a bar and knocked me around a bit. Then they threw a real scare into me. They said either I'd pay up in three days or they'd kill Agnes. I knew I'd have to confess to Agnes then, but I hated doing it. Like a fool I went on a bender first.

"When I broke in on Agnes, I was pretty well messed up and drunk too. Agnes got sore and wouldn't even listen to me. I got excited, Agnes started yelling, and I tried to stop her. The next thing I knew, Yvette had sneaked up and whammed me with a chair."

Tom slapped Cowan on the shoulder and grinned. "Buck up," he said, "we'll beat this thing. First off, I'm going to see the old man.



Then we'll go to Agnes and talk things over. We'll get the money somehow."

You'd think he was a hero the way they were all fussing over him. Old Sam McGovern clapped him on the shoulder and called him "my boy." Tom beamed and Agnes seemed pleased, more affectionate than ever.

He was hamming it up, putting on a really solid show. He kissed Agnes' hand and held her close and he thanked Sam McGovern a dozen times over with tears in his eyes . . .

The old brownstone looked even crummier than he'd remembered. The worn marble stairs were grimy and the cracked glass door stood askew. Cowan was sweating and his legs felt rubbery as he went inside. What the hell was he doing here?

Lily was waiting downstairs. "Come on, Jack. They see you standing there like that, they'll think you're giving signals or something. Bessie'll be in an uproar."

"To hell with Bessie!"

For all his bravado, Cowan followed her into the tiled hallway and halfway up the flight of narrow stairs. Then he stopped as the solution to all his problems struck him. With a thousand bucks in his jeans, he could cut and run for it. He had enough to take him wherever he wanted to go with plenty left over for a stake. He'd be through with Agnes, Lily, and the whole damned mess.

He swung around to make the break when he saw the figure at the bottom of the steps. The light fell across Wally's face, glittered on the switchblade in his hand. The guy was goofed up, but plenty.

"Hi, Jack," he said in his high voice.

Cowan studied the distance, recognizing immediately that he wouldn't stand a chance of getting past Wally. He was boxed in by the narrow stairway. All Wally'd have to do was step aside and sink the knife into him. Cowan changed his mind.

THE door of the room was ajar. As Lily pushed it open, she whispered, "Remember what I told ya. Don't let them make you blow your top."

"Where's Bessie?" he asked, his eyes searching the empty room.

She crossed to the window and pulled aside the thick yellow drape. Cowan came up behind her and peered over her shoulder. Bessie was standing in the doorway of the poolroom on the corner. He was looking up and down the street, then his eyes raised to

the window. He sauntered toward the house.

Bessie grinned as he entered, his manner casual and airy. "Hi ya, boy. I thought maybe you might try pulling a fast one. But I see there ain't no cops around."

Cowan fingered the bills rolled tightly in his pocket. He'd give his spiel and then clear the hell out. He took a step forward and put the money on the table beside Bessie. Bessie grinned and sat down.

"Here's your damn money! Now we're through. From now on keep the hell out of my hair or you'll be sorry you ever pulled this stinking deal."

Bessie scooped up the bills and started counting them. "Cool off, Jack. You brought along the lettuce so I guess you're entitled to run off at the lip a little. But it seems like you're forgetting something."

"What do you mean?"

THE last payment. The big one that comes after we've done our job."

"For God's sake, are you crazy?" Cowan burst out. "I don't want to get mixed up in murder. I don't want my wife killed."

"That won't wash, pal. What'd the boys say if they learned we'd made a deal and didn't deliver? Hell, nobody'd ever trust us again. We'd be out of business."

Cowan wanted to hit him, but he was shaking so that he couldn't have struck out even if he'd dared. "Damn you! Damn you! You dirty—"

Now Lily was in front of him, pulling at the lapels of his coat, talking to him. "Stop it, Jack. They ain't going to do nothing. Bessie's taking you for a ride."

Cowan thrust Lily aside and stood over Bessie. "You leave Agnes alone. You touch her and I'll come after you."

Bessie got up slowly. "Wally and me ain't particular. You hired us for a kill. Supposing we rub you off instead of your wife. How'll that be, boy?"

Cowan swung at him, but it was as though his arm were weighted. The blow brushed harmlessly against Bessie's chin. He scarcely moved and the grin didn't leave his face as his fist came back. Cowan saw the blow coming, but he couldn't step aside. Bessie's fist thudded over his heart and his knees buckled.

"Listen to me, you little punk! I'd like nothing better than to blast you personally. But I got a use for you, see? Lily tells me you and she's going to get hitched once we

fix you up. Okay, so that suits me fine. We'll be one cozy little family—me, Lily, Wally, you and all the dough to keep us going. But you're in this, Jack, right up to your neck! And there ain't no way out unless you want to take your wife's place."

"I tell you, you're crazy."

Bassie pulled him forward and brought his knee up hard into Cowan's groin. Cowan opened his mouth, but the scream never came as he lost consciousness . . .

He heard whimpering sounds, but at first he didn't know that he was making them. He scratched at the floor, trying to rise, but pain choked him and he sprawled, doubled over.

Lily was kneeling close to him. "Please, Jack," she pleaded, "do what Bassie wants. Say what he tells you to. It's the only way. If you don't, he'll kill you."

Bassie grabbed Lily, told her to shut up, and pushed her away from Cowan.

"All I want is one little word, Jack," he said. "Is it gonna be you or Agnes? Because if it's you, we're fixing things up right here."

HE had to have time to think and there was only one way he could buy it. He spoke his wife's name.

Bassie opened the door. "Beat it, Jack," he said. "And don't come back until we send for you."

Cowan was out of the room and halfway down the stairs when his legs gave way again as he clung to the banister. Footsteps tapped on the stairs above and he twisted about in fear. "Go away, Lily!"

Her hands stretched out to him. "Listen to me, Jack."

"I listened too much. Why'd you have to tell him I was going to marry you?"

"But you promised you wouldn't leave me."

He lashed out, striking hard across her face. Lily crumpled, then started to fall. Her body fell against him, Cowan flinched away, and she tumbled down the stairs like a rag doll.

A door on the landing flew open. Cowan caught a glimpse of Wally's face and heard him scream. He lurched down the remaining stairs, and hesitated for a second, looking at Lily. She lay still, her face white, a tiny trickle of blood oozing from the side of her mouth. He was sorry, but he couldn't do anything for her before Bassie and Wally would be on him.

Outside, Cowan ran blindly, staggering with pain. He didn't know where he was going, but he had to keep running. Had to . . . had to . . . had to . . .

As soon as he had the door of the apartment open, he heard Tom's booming laughter. He went into the front room, and Tom jumped up, put an arm about him.

Agnes was sitting in the wide armchair, a glass in her hand.

Tom was asking questions about the pay-off, questions Cowan didn't dare answer for fear of giving away his phony story about gambling debts.

He was searching for an evasive answer when the telephone rang. The shrill notes seemed to tingle along the length of his spine. He moved forward instinctively but before he could reach the phone, Agnes picked it up.

In the sudden stillness, he could hear Lily's voice, high-pitched with excitement, echoing over the wire. Agnes handed him the phone without saying a word.

"Jack? Jack? Are you there?"

"Yeah." He kept his voice unemotional. "They left here about ten minutes ago. Wally's stoned and Bassie's been blasting. They say they're going to fix your wagon good."

"What'll I do?"

"Get away from Sutton Place. Stick close to people so they can't get to you."

Cowan wanted to ask more questions, a lot of them, but he didn't dare. Not with Tom listening.

"I can't talk any more," he told Lily. "I haven't time, see?" He thrust the phone back onto its cradle and turned to Tom. "Some stage-struck babe trying to persuade me to get her an audition with Schock."

One of Tom's eyebrows lifted. Tom didn't believe him and Cowan knew it. Yet all Tom said was, "I'm having a little stag party at my place. Come along, it'll help you relax."

Cowan looked at Agnes, who nodded coolly.

Cowan got very drunk at the party and finally fell asleep. When he woke up he was alone in Tom's bedroom.

Tom had to be somewhere around. He'd promised not to leave, hadn't he? Cowan stumbled into the next room. The place was a shambles.

"Tom! Tom!" Cowan yelled. Silence.

Then he called his apartment, but there was no answer. Soon Tom returned, explained that he had taken a drunk friend home. Then the two of them took a cab to Cowan's apartment.

Tom had stopped to pay the driver, and he caught up with Cowan in the lobby. Herbert was on duty. He had a polite good-evening for Tom and he winked at Cowan.

"I see you're using the elevator this time, Mr. Cowan," he smirked.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Cowan," said Herbert innocently. "Except when you was in here earlier you used the fire stairs. The boss told me to keep an eye on 'em, especially after the doorman goes off. You're the only guest I ever see prowling them."

"Are you crazy, kid? I've been with Mr. McGovern all night."

Herbert shrugged. "Sure, sure. Just as you say, Mr. Cowan."

Cowan almost ran down the corridor, but in front of the apartment he came to an abrupt stop. The door was off the latch, just a trifle ajar. There could no longer be any doubt. Bassie had been here and there could only have been one reason for his coming.

Tom was clutching his arm. "What's the matter, Jack? What's up?"

COWAN pointed to the door and pushed it.

The door moved a foot before coming against something bulky and yielding. He peered in through the crack. The miniature night light in the entrance hall spread a shadowy glow over the foyer. Then he saw a thick leg, encased in a black stocking—Yvette. He'd almost forgotten she existed.

Tom's breath was hot on his neck. Cowan couldn't just stand here; he'd have to go inside. He squeezed through the opening and stood staring down at Yvette.

"Good God, is she dead?" Tom gasped.

Cowan ignored the question as he swung around in the direction of Agnes' bedroom. There was a crack of light under the door.

"Agnes! Agnes!" Cowan shouted, rushing down the hall.

He didn't want to open the door, but it was something he had to do. His sweating palm made the knob slippery as his shoulder struck against the paneling and crashed back against the wall, throwing him off balance and catapulting him into the room.

Every light was on, including the glaring overheads. For a moment his tension and the sudden brilliance blinded him. Then he saw Agnes on the bed. She was lying back against the pillows, her black hair spread out, her eyes wide open. At first he thought she was watching him and he called her name again.

Then he saw the bruises on her throat, the ripped nightdress, the unnatural limpness of her nearly naked body.

Cowan took a faltering step toward her and then another. He didn't want to go any closer, but he didn't dare turn away. Then a hand grasped his shoulder and spun him around. He looked into Tom's set, white face.

FOR God's sake, Jack! Don't go any further!" Cowan struggled feebly, but Tom held him tight, pleading with him, "Don't make it any worse for yourself, Jack. Leave it to me."

He let Tom push him back against the wall and stood watching while he crossed the room. Tom leaned over the bed and took Agnes' wrist, feeling for the pulse. Then he let the hand drop and his fingers brushed her forehead lightly. He turned, his face grey, his eyes somber.

"She's gone, Jack. We've got to get out of here and leave everything the way it is until the police come."

Cowan nodded. He let Tom lead him down the hall. Yvette was still lying in the foyer. She stirred and moaned softly.

"We've got to help her. Think you can give me a hand?" Tom asked.

Between the two of them, they lifted her and carried her to her room.

Cowan stared at her in bewilderment, then Tom shook his arm. "Snap out of it, Jack. We've got to get a doctor quick. Ring for Herbert. He'll know if there's a doctor in the building. Meanwhile I'll call Doc Cabana and the police. My old man, too. He'd better be here."

When Herbert appeared, Cowan stammered out his story, choking over the words, and letting himself go. But in the back of his mind, he was watching every move, weighing every word. He could see shock in Herbert's face, then sympathy.

"You look in a bad way. Mr. Cowan. You go on back and lie down. I'll fetch the doc. I'll have him here on the double."

The going hadn't been as rough as Cowan had expected. He kept thinking about the time when he was a kid and the cops had busted him for the gas station stick-up. They'd knocked him around plenty.

Things were different this time. He was a guy in a tailored suit that cost \$250. He had an address on Sutton Place and he was heir to a nice slice of the Bailey fortune. The cops weren't musing him up; they were handling him with kid gloves. Conagher, the parole officer, was there, too, which meant the police knew about his connection with Lily. He wondered how much Conagher had told them.

McGovern, the family attorney, introduced himself to Kennedy, the police official who was a friend of Conagher and who was doing the questioning.

"The name's McGovern, Samuel H. McGovern, if it means anything to you. Cowan's my client."

The name registered. McGovern was a wheel in Tammany. A guy you didn't fool around with—not if you knew what was good for you. In spite of the fear that gripped him, Cowan grinned at the way Kennedy backed water. When he spoke, "All right, Mr. McGovern, no rough stuff," his booming voice was a mixture of truculence and deference. "But this boy of yours is as guilty as hell. I've got him dead to rights."

"I doubt it. Mr. Cowan attended a stag party at my son's apartment this evening. There were about a dozen men there."

"That's his story, but it's got a hole in it. I've got a witness that places him right here in the Cartigan Arms at ten minutes past midnight."

Cowan's face flamed. "That's impossible. It's a dirty lie!" He shoved forward.

KENNEDY crossed to the door and shouted down the hall. A few seconds later Herbert entered the room, his pasty face looking whiter than ever. Cowan lunged for him, but Tom held him back.

"I hate to do this to you, Mr. Cowan," he mumbled. "But I got to tell the truth. You know that."

"If you've made a mistake," said McGovern, "you'd want to rectify it, wouldn't you, Herbert? You see, Jack was at Tom's place all night."

"But that can't be, Mr. McGovern. It's just like I told the cops. I seen him just as plain as I see you now."

"Did he ride up in the elevator with you?"

Herbert shook his head. "No. He climbed up the fire stairs. Look, it was this way. Duke—that's the doorman—he goes off duty at twelve. Just before then he relieves me so I can run up to the corner for a carton of coffee and a sandwich. That's the way it was last night. Duke had just left and I took the coffee and sandwich to the cubbyhole back of the elevator. I was almost finished when I heard some noises around near the front door."

"So I looked around the elevator to see what was going on. It was Mr. Cowan and he was just pulling the door to the fire stairs open. I didn't think too much about it because he goes up that way sometimes, especially when he's had a few drinks."

"Possibly that explains it, Herbert. You were expecting Mr. Cowan. Therefore you assumed the man you saw was he. Did he look at you? Did you see him fullface?"

"Well, no. I guess I only seen the side of his face, but it was him all right. He was wearing that brown tweed coat of his with the yellow spots in it. I noticed that particular because I always wanted to get me a coat like that."

Cowan had the whole picture now. Bassie sneaking into the lobby, wearing the hat and coat he'd stolen in the alley behind the Colossus Club. No wonder Herbert had made the mistake. Maybe this was the time to start yelling and expose Bassie. But, Cowan thought gloomily, he'd waited too long. Who was going to believe him now—after he'd sat here for two hours and not opened his mouth about the guy who'd threatened Agnes? And if Bassie was ever tagged, he'd drag Cowan down with him.

Eventually he might be forced into a spot where he'd have to blab about Bassie, but not yet. Right now what he had to do was

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show the police he no longer had the coat.

They were all looking at him. He'd have to think fast, talk fast. "I haven't got the coat," he said shakily. "You remember the night I told you about, when I got into the poker game? Well, I was mugged that night. They took my coat and my hat, too. That was more than three weeks ago—almost a month."

But even as he said it he knew he'd made a mistake. The shoddy old black and white herringbone that was lying in the corner of his closet was Bassie's.

KENNEDY was saying, "Well, if that's the case, you won't mind us taking a look around, huh?"

There was nothing Cowan could do to stop the search, so he led the way into his room. Bassie's coat would be there.

He yanked the door of his closet open and reached for the coat crumpled on the bottom. He lifted it up to the light, but it wasn't the black and white herringbone. It was the brown tweed. He stared at it unbelievably. Then he saw the flecks of blood across the breast. The coats had been switched!

Cowan thought he'd known the score before, but now it hit him hard. This was a frame and Bassie was smart.

Kennedy would have heaved him into a cell long before now if it hadn't been for Sam McGovern and Tom. Herbert's story had pinned the time down to a few minutes past twelve, and Tom swore that Cowan had been asleep in his apartment within ten minutes of midnight. He couldn't possibly have got up, snagged a cab and arrived at the Cartigan Arms in the allotted time.

Kennedy didn't act tough. He was more

like a cat playing with a mouse. He said to Cowan, "It seems to me you remember damn little. Well, here's a little shocker that might stir up that memory of yours: the medical report shows your wife was raped before she was killed."

Horror and revulsion overwhelmed Cowan. Bassie! The filthy, murdering ghoul! He probably justified the act as his twisted way of paying him off for taking Lily.

Why hadn't Kennedy taunted him with his knowledge of Lily Brazil? If he'd wanted to pin Cowan down, he could have done it by bringing up Lily in front of Sam McGovern. The lawyer would back out fast if he once caught a whiff of the plot which had been hatched up in Lily's room. And that would leave Cowan practically at Kennedy's mercy. McGovern would cut off all his funds and if he were arrested he'd be penniless and dependent on a court-appointed lawyer.

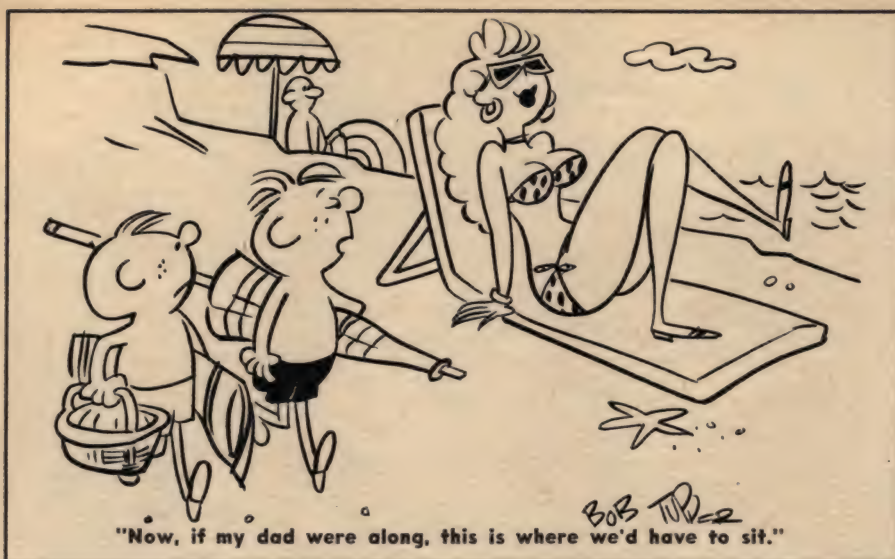
Yet Kennedy had chosen to make no mention of Lily. And he was released after the questioning ended.

Cowan decided to approach Conagher and find out what the score was. They went to a bar in Conagher's neighborhood.

CONAGHER sighed. "Look Cowan, you're in a hell of a lot worse jam than you realize. You've been fooling around with a couple of kill-crazy psychos and now your wife's been murdered. It could be a coincidence, but I don't believe in that kind of coincidence. Neither does Kennedy."

"You got a theory?"

"All right, call it a theory. Anyway, it goes something like this. A young fellow—say twenty-four or -six—is married to a rich woman a lot older than himself. He's



"Now, if my dad were along, this is where we'd have to sit."

straining at the leash when he meets up with a pretty young girl whose brother is a junkie, palling around with a professional killer. Somehow the talk swings to the question: How can the young fellow have his wife's money and the girl too? The killer says it's easy as rolling off a log. He's used to this sort of deal, just leave everything to him. He'll take care of it."

"Supposing all this were true, what would happen to the husband?" He began steadily enough, but couldn't keep the note of hysteria out of his voice. "What about that?"

"In the eyes of the law, he'd be as guilty as the killer. It would be a deliberately planned crime—murder in the first degree."

"But what if it wasn't that way at all? Suppose the husband couldn't prove the truth—that he tried to stop it."

"HE'D stand one chance of getting himself off the hook. He could give himself up, tell everything he knew, and turn state's evidence. Even then, if he'd withheld guilty knowledge he might not go scot free, but the D.A. would be likely to go easy on him."

"But what if he wasn't believed?"

"In that case, I don't know."

This was fantastic, Cowan thought. He was practically confessing. He had to get away from Conagher. He staggered to his feet, but when he tried to leave the booth, Conagher reached over and pushed him back into his seat.

"Let's drop that theory, Cowan. Anyway, Kennedy's got a different idea. He thinks you killed your wife yourself, and he's going to strap you right in the chair if he can. As for me, I guess I'm a fool to stick my neck out, but I think you've been suckered in. There's one way to beat this rap and only one. If you're innocent, go to the D.A.'s office and tell him everything you know about Basiliano and Wally Brazil. And do it fast! Once Kennedy arrests you, no story you tell is going to be worth a plugged nickel. Get hold of the Brazil girl. Maybe she can back up your story. I wouldn't know."

"Shut up," Cowan screamed. "Shut up."

"Okay. I've said my piece. Take it or leave it."

In the bar was a radio and Cowan, in spite of his anger, heard the announcer saying, "... new developments in the Sutton Place slaying of Mrs. Agnes Cowan. Yvette Gignous, who suffered a concussion when struck

by Mrs. Cowan's assailant, regained consciousness tonight at Wilberforce Hospital. In a statement to Captain P. T. Kennedy of New York's homicide squad, the maid of the murdered woman definitely identified the man who bludgeoned her as John Patrick Cowan, husband of the slain woman. Police rushed to the Sutton Place apartment, but were unable to locate Cowan. The following description of Cowan is being circulated by—"

Cowan panicked. He was wanted. What was it Conagher had said? If he were arrested before he reached the D.A., his story wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel. It was too late now, but he'd have to find Lily. He had to see if she'd help him and, if not, keep her quiet.

He dashed out into the street. A man was on the corner, staring at him. He'd been followed.

Cowan might have run then, or his knees might have buckled. He didn't know which, because the man didn't give him any time. Kennedy was on him, holding him upright with a hammerlock on his arm.

Kennedy was grinning at him. "You're just the boy I been looking for, Jack. You know something? Me and you got a date."

Kennedy hadn't broken Cowan down. This was one time when his stretch in the reformatory stood him in good stead. His hatred for the cops neutralized his fear; he developed a sullen taciturnity that was like a wall between him and all that went on outside him.

COWAN didn't know how long he'd been with Kennedy. It seemed like days, but it couldn't have been for more than two hours. Then Sam McGovern was there, his voice cold with anger, and Kennedy withdrew. McGovern had insisted on an immediate arraignment. When they arrived in the court, Cowan was still in a daze, incapable of understanding what went on around him.

No bail was allowed. As they left the courtroom, Cowan was startled by the glare of flash bulbs. He looked up blankly for a moment, then dropped his head again. At length, he was alone in a cell.

He slept until the metallic clank of keys on the door awakened him. He rolled over, immediately aware of where he was. The door was open and the guard stood just outside.

"Okay, Cowan," he said. "Visitor for you. Come with me."

He got up and followed him down the corridor. His shoe laces and his belt had been taken from him the previous day, and his feet scuffed along the rough cement as he clutched his trousers with his hand.

The guard stopped in front of the counsel room at the end of the hall. He opened the door and jerked his head for Cowan to enter. Somehow Cowan had expected to see Tom, but it was Sam McGovern who stood by the narrow window, facing him. The old man's craggy face seemed more deeply lined than ever.

McGovern passed him a cigarette. Cowan lit up and sucked in the smoke gratefully.

McGovern talked slowly, spacing his words. "Agnes' father was my best friend. I guess you know that, Jack. I want to catch the man who murdered her. I want to be sure that the harshest penalty the law provides is exacted on his person. If I thought you were that man, I'd move heaven and earth to have you executed."

Cowan felt the cold creeping over him. Finally he forced his eyes upward and his lips to move. "I didn't kill her, Mr. McGovern."

"I DON'T think you did, Jack, or I wouldn't be here. Tom swears that you were asleep in his bedroom at midnight. We've checked the trip from his apartment to Sutton Place a dozen times. It simply can't be done in ten minutes. There's something else. Tom says you weren't wearing the brown tweed overcoat that night. That you had a dark gray one. There are about a dozen witnesses to bear him out. That means there was another man at the Cartigan Arms the night Agnes was killed. A man who wore your hat and coat. A man who looked enough like you so that the elevator operator and Yvette mistook him for you. Who was he, Jack?"

Cowan's knuckles whitened against the table edge. This was his last chance to tell. But how could you make a man like Sam McGovern understand that you played along with Bassie out of fear? Once he started in on the story he'd be tripped up in a mass of lies.

"I don't know, Mr. McGovern," he said. "There's too much you don't remember. Who was the man at the Club with whom you started your drinking bout? At what bar did the gamblers pick you up? To what hotel did they take you? You haven't given us a single peg to hang the story on, not one."

"I was drunk, and somewhere along the line they must have slipped me a mickey."

"Where did you make contact with this man later?"

"He was always hanging around in front of the Cartigan Arms, in the lobby of the Parsur Building, and outside the office."

"Well, why didn't you tell Kennedy about him?"

"How could I tell Kennedy anything? All I could do was try to keep away from his big paws. Besides, I'd told you the whole story. Tom too. Why did you dummy up?"

"We didn't want to throw mud on you—not unless we had to—but now the situation has changed. We've got to find this man. I want a description of him."

Careful, Cowan warned himself.

(Continued on page 46)

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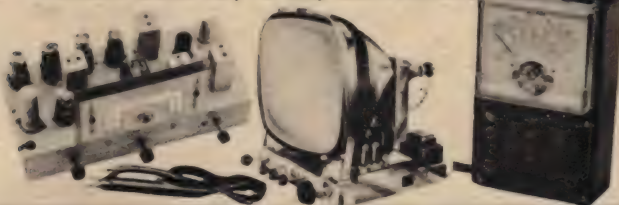
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"I'm not much good at descriptions," he said, frowning as if in deep thought. "But he looked something like me. A little taller, maybe five-foot-eleven. Ten pounds or so heavier. Regular features. A little darker than me."

"Didn't you ever hear his name?"

"It seems to me I heard his name once, but I can't remember. Maybe it'll come back to me."

He could tell that McGovern wasn't satisfied, nor quite convinced that he was lying. The old man would go on firing questions at him forever; he'd wear him down until he told the truth, but Cowan had lied too much to let that happen. He had to stop McGovern somehow. He spread his hands on the table and let his head drop on them. The sobs came up, wrenched his body.

He could hear the old man's uneasy shuffle. Then there was a hand on his shoulder. He gave no sign that he felt the touch, but he was listening, knowing that what McGovern said would give him the clue to his next action.

"I GUESS I've been rough on you, Jack, but I'm out of my field. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to send Ben Royal to you."

Cowan didn't dare look up then. Sam McGovern might have seen the elation on his face. If McGovern had walked out on him, or withdrawn his support, that would have been the end. But Ben Royal was the foremost criminal lawyer in New York, a man with the reputation of never losing a case. If there was ever a guy who could get him off the hook, it was Ben Royal.

Ben Royal was a guy Cowan could understand. A mouthpiece who didn't give a damn whether his client was innocent or guilty, but was out to win his case.

A short, plump man with a pronounced paunch, Royal's face was deceptively benevolent. At their first meeting, Cowan had stalled for time, trying to size his man up. Royal had played along, not rushing him but making it plain he wasn't going to be shocked by a young man's peccadillos. He even talked about Sam McGovern's puritanism with a certain good-natured contempt.

It wasn't long before Cowan gave Royal a carefully edited version of his affair with Lily. He even told about Kennedy and Conagher's interest in Lily's brother, but he said nothing of ever having met Bassie or Wally.

Royal didn't press him. It was almost as though the lawyer wanted the story to drop just where it did. He pursed his lips and his pudgy fingers drummed on the surface of the counsel table.

"We've got to keep this girl out of the picture, if we can. Juries are a strange lot. It will take a lot of convincing to make them believe a nice-looking young man will kill his wife for money. But once there's another woman in the picture, once infidelity has been admitted, then the guy suddenly sprouts hooves and horns."

"But what about Kennedy? How long is he going to be quiet about Lily?"

"I've had a talk with Kennedy. You must have ruffed up his hair bad sometime. But Kennedy's only a cop; he's not in the D.A.'s office. Maybe he's passed on the word about the girl already but, if he has, I don't think

the D.A. intends to use it. From their standpoint, they've got an open-and-shut case. They've got young Herbie Dole to place you on the scene, and they've got plenty of proof that you and Agnes had frequent quarrels.

"If they bring in a young slut with a junkie brother and underworld contacts, what have they got? The way things stand you were the only person with access to that apartment. There was no forcible entry and Yvette says you were there. It's black and white. Either it was robbery or you're guilty. But start a parade of underworld characters and everything gets dirty. They'll blacken your reputation, but they won't pin a murder rap on you. They figure they've got you dead to rights just the way things stand."

Cowan felt the familiar, horrifying coldness in the pit of his stomach.

"But they don't know what we've got." Royal smiled benignly. "We've an alibi they can't crack. Tom McGovern was a little vague when he talked to the cops, and he admitted having too many drinks. The D.A. thinks he can break Tom down on the stand, but he won't. Not when I'm through with Tom. And here's something else. Two other men at that party are going to back Tom's story. But our ace-in-the-hole is you. You're going to take the stand, Jack, and before you leave it you're going to have them weeping in the aisles."

"You're going to admit your gambling debts because that's going to come out, anyway. You're going to tell about the poker game and how you were rolled and your coat, hat and keys stolen. You'll tell about the guy who looked like you and who pestered you for payment on your I.O.U. It's not going to be easy to make it stick without names or places, but people are pretty tolerant of a guy who goes out on a blind drunk once in a while. A lot of them have done it themselves."

Cowan sat up straighter. He knew the score now. The lawyer didn't believe his story, but he was going to help him. This trial was going to be a feather in Ben Royal's cap. His confidence was flooding back. "What if the D.A. uses Lily?" he asked.

"That's an emergency we will have to be prepared for, but the most important thing is to get this story of yours down pat. There can't be a single loophole in it or a question you can't answer."

COWAN nodded. Practically all the weariness had left him and he was feeling good. He could envision the scene in the court. It would be a battle of wits and skill and he'd win. Hell, with a guy like Ben Royal on his team, how could he lose?

The first few days of the trial went like clockwork. Much of the time was occupied in the selection of a jury.

It was a good jury, Cowan felt, the kind of a jury that would serve Royal's purposes to perfection. The members weren't the intellectual type; they'd be swayed by emotion rather than reason. Seven of them were women—housewives, a shop girl in her late twenties, a nurse, a social worker.

The men were more or less nonentities, for the most part middle-aged, balding, and with a henpecked look about them.

The prosecution was being handled by Assistant District Attorney John P. Quittal, a tall, cadaverous man with a shock of white hair, lined face, and beady eyes.

Cowan knew that Royal was contemptuous of him, but the real danger lay in the man who sat beside Quittal at the prosecution table. Jay Rosengrantz was young, shrewd, smooth, a man on his way up.

Cowan sat at the defense table to the right of the judge's dais between Royal and his youthful assistant, Reuben Langhorne. Langhorne was Cowan's age, but looked even younger. His big-framed body, his loose-fitting tweeds, and his boyish face and close-cropped crew haircut gave him the appearance of a college undergraduate. Langhorne was mostly for window dressing.

Cowan was taken by surprise when the preliminaries were over and the trial got under way. It was Quittal who opened the show. Cowan watched as the lean, tense man approached the jury box. Quittal spoke in a harsh, angry voice. He outlined the case against him and there was no mention of Lily. No mention of any of his infidelities to Agnes. He'd been careful with other women, but with Lily he'd left a clear trail. Maybe the cops had been unable to trace Lily. Maybe, as Royal had suggested, the D.A. thought their case was so clear-cut that Lily would only confuse the issue. Cowan was sure now that Lily was out of the picture, he was going to beat the rap. He was coming out in the clear after all. A pulse of excitement throbbed through him. If it wouldn't have looked bad, he would have given Langhorne a grin. . . .

QUITTAL finished at last and Ben Royal walked toward the jury box.

Royal's manner was friendly, almost casual, as he addressed the jury. "Let me tell you about Jack Cowan. Jack is not a murderer either in cold or hot blood. He is a young man who came home one night and found his wife strangled in her bed. An innocent man has no elaborate story to tell, no detailed defense. Jack Cowan has no more knowledge of his wife's death than was confided in him by the police—and that was very little. My client was arrested because he was on the spot, because there is an old bromide that when a woman is killed the chief suspect is her husband, because it was easier to build up a case against him than to scour the city for Agnes Cowan's real murderer."

"I will not waste your time by exhortation, nor insult your intelligence with pompous oratory. But now at the outset of the trial, I think you should look upon Jack Cowan and ask yourselves if it is likely that this young man is the murderer of his wife."

Royal made a little gesture with his hand. Cowan had been staring at his folded hands, but now he knew what he had to do. He raised his eyes slowly and looked from one member to another of the jury. Behind him he heard a flurry of motion at the press table. Then the judge's gavel sounded.

The fourth day of the trial had ended.

Things were looking up. Ben Royal informed Cowan that the professional gamblers who always hung about the courthouse corridors during a sensational trial were giving four to one odds against his conviction. Even the tabloids, which had been hostile ever since his arrest, had dropped some

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GIVE ME TEN MINUTES A DAY —THAT'S ALL!

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of their antagonism, were even sympathetic. Yeah, everything looked solid, Cowan thought to himself. Once he was acquitted he couldn't stand trial again. Bassie would have no hold over him. He'd be free as a bird with all of Agnes' money.

But when the court reconvened it wasn't the way he'd thought it would be. The prosecution called witness after witness, examining them at length. The medical examiner testified for nearly two hours, using technical jargon to tell exactly how Agnes met her death. Nussbaum, the fingerprint expert, was on the stand almost as long. The cops who were first on the scene, the manager of the Cartigan Arms, half a dozen others.

What were they proving? That someone had killed Agnes? But Cowan didn't see how they were going to link it up to him.

It wasn't until the third day of testimony that Herbert Dole took the stand.

Royal cross-examined Herbert quite skillfully. The way Royal demolished Herbert's evidence was almost too easy. He felt warm inside, more confident than ever. Then suddenly he stiffened as the name of the next witness was called. This would be the real test, the period of greatest danger.

SOFTLY he repeated the name to himself, "Yvette Gignoux."

Yvette assumed a dignity on the witness stand, a blunt power, that was beyond Cowan's expectation.

Then Rosengrantz stood aside and Ben Royal was taking over. But Yvette was made of different stuff than Herbert. She couldn't be broken down or stampeded. She clung to her story, stolidly, obdurately. She said Cowan struck her and then killed his wife.

Cowan felt the suck of his breath, the angry rush of blood to his head. His feet pushed back at the chair, sent it clattering to the floor.

"You lie, you old bag, you lie!" He was leaning across the table, shouting.

The room was in confusion. Stradmeyer's gavel sounded above the din and partial order was restored. Then, from somewhere in the back of the court, there was a fresh confusion. Someone was breaking through the ranks of standees, struggling toward the aisle. Cowan caught a glimpse of a red coat, a red hat, yellow hair.

Lily was running toward him, stumbling as she ran. And in back of her was a big man, not stopping her, but staying close behind her. It was Kennedy and his face was both grim and triumphant.

"Get back, Lily!" Cowan fought against the restraining arms. "Keep back. For God's sake, keep quiet!"

She had fallen against the railing, but she pulled herself erect, her eyes on Yvette. She was screaming. "It wasn't Jack!" she screamed, "It wasn't me. Do you hear me? It was Bassie! I can prove it. It was Bassie who killed her!"

The room was whirling about Cowan, but even in the confusion he saw Kennedy's big hands fall on Lily's wrist and jerk her away from the rail. For a moment, too, he saw Steve Conagher's calm face beside Kennedy.

The court was in pandemonium. Above it all, Cowan heard a voice screaming:



"It was Bassie who killed her. Bassie! Bassie! Bassie!"

And not until the words had been shouted over and over again did he realize that the voice was his own. He stopped yelling as they led him away.

He was alone again in his cell, but this time it was different. The lethargy of despair which had first overwhelmed him had been replaced by a swift, soaring hope when he had heard that Ben Royal was going to handle his defense. But now he knew that nothing, no one, was going to save him. He paced the cell cursing, yelling, grasping at the bars. Lily was to blame.

It was all out in the open now. The reporters had got hold of Lily and she had spilled the whole works.

Nobody had been near him since the last day in court. Then Tom came. He gave Cowan a quick glance then looked away.

"Tom, thank God you're here. Where's Royal?"

Tom didn't look up. "He's not coming," he said hoarsely. "Royal's dropping out of the case. He can't afford to stay in. He's issuing a statement to the papers that you lied to him and he really thought you were innocent."

"You'll get me a new lawyer. My only chance is a good lawyer."

TOM met his eyes. "I guess I better lay it on the line. I'm walking out too. So's my father and so's Pascal. None of Agnes' money is going for legal fees to try to save you. That's what I've come to tell you because it seems to me you've got a right to know where you stand."

"Tom you know I didn't kill Agnes," he pleaded. "I was at your place. I was tight."

"What difference does that make now? You were behind it. You paid to have her killed."

"That isn't the way it was! You've got to listen. I was scared. That was all. You don't know Bassie. You can't understand—"

Tom cut him off. "I understand a lot more than you think. You kept going back to the girl's room. You got your hands on the money to pay these hoods. You kept still even when you were on trial thinking that you could beat the rap and come out of it with a fortune."

"Tom, don't hate me. I need help." Cowan groped for his arm.

Tom shook himself free of Cowan's clutching hands and strode to the door.

Cowan wasn't expecting another visitor, but the next day one came. Cowan walked numbly into the counsel room.

"What do you want, Conagher?"

"Believe it or not, I came to help you," said Conagher quietly.

"What kind of a trick is this? You don't need a confession now."

"No. The D.A.'s got Lily and early this morning the police arrested Basiliano and Wally Brazil. They hadn't gone far. They were holed up in Chicago; Lily put the police on their trail. They'll be flown back sometime tonight."

"Okay. So it's tied up. What's the deal?"

"There's no deal, Cowan. The D.A.'s asking the Grand Jury for a new indictment so that you, Basiliano and Brazil will be tried together for first degree murder."

In spite of his efforts, Cowan heard the little whimpering cry that came from between his lips.

"I happen to believe that a man can be a coward and a fool—that he can play around with the idea of murder without having murder in his heart." Conagher sighed. "I've been to the D.A.'s office. I've told him of the times I've seen you running through the streets, about your panic and your drinking, and about the time you tried to make a confession to me. I can't say that the D.A. was impressed, but I'll say the same thing on the stand if your lawyer calls me."

"I've got no lawyer."

"The court will assign one."

"What good will it do?"

POSSIBLY none. Look, Cowan, I'd be crazy if I told you there was a chance of getting off. But it could be my testimony can win a recommendation for mercy."

"So what? I'll spend my life rotting in jail instead of going to the chair."

Conagher didn't answer and Cowan stared at him, scarcely seeing him through the gray mist that rose before his eyes.

Bassie and Wally were somewhere in the prison in a different cell tier. During the night the grapevine had tapped out the message.

Daylight came at last, and with it the distant rumble of traffic. He squatted on the edge of the bunk, pale, shaking, his eyes focussed on his clenched hands. All his terror centered on the thought of meeting Bassie again.

He moved dazedly toward the window, then stopped at the sound of feet in the corridor. His muscles tensed themselves for flight but there was no place to go. His body sagged and he turned slowly toward the door.

The guards were there, motioning to him. He passed out between them and waited wordlessly as they snapped on the handcuffs. He didn't care any longer. All he wanted was to get it over, to speed up his inexorable march to death.

Down the steps. Along another corridor. Then a guard's hand on his arm, warning him to stop. Ahead of him was the flat-topped desk and behind it was seated the uniformed officer who guarded the prisoners' door that led to the courtroom.

Bassie was coming toward them now, a guard at his side, and Wally was behind him with still another guard. Bassie seemed to be growing bigger and bigger until he

towered above Cowan. The guard jerked him to a stop six feet away.

Bassie grinned and held up his handcuffed arms in a boxer's handshake. "Hi, Jack." Cowan cringed, but tried to stand erect as Bassie laughed. "So you couldn't keep your trap shut? I should have known a punk like you would squeal." His eyes glittered with hatred.

Cowan's tongued moistened his lips. "It wasn't me. It was Lily who talked. I'm not a fool."

"Sure, sure. You're an angel, ain't you, Jack? But let me tell you something. We're all going to fry. It ain't going to be so bad for me and Wally—we're tough and we can take it—but you're going to sweat blood, Jack, because you're plain yellow."

BASSIE took a step toward him, but a guard flung an arm across his chest. "That's enough lip, Basiliano. Now, keep your mouth shut!"

Then they were ushered inside and Cowan was aware of a sharp intake of breath from the people in the courtroom. He felt humiliated and ashamed, but he wished he could spit in all their faces. Never to know freedom again, to die in the chair, his flesh blue and smoking. The horrible thought raced madly in his brain, and then he was being roughly handled as the cuffs were snapped off his wrists.

Cowan rubbed at the place where the metal loops seemed to have worn a groove in the flesh. Bassie, leering evilly, was doing the same, but Wally was standing stock-still, staring at the spectators as if looking for a friend. Cowan finally brought his gaze

level with the onlookers, but he couldn't face the hateful, staring eyes and the smug, sneering faces. Then there was a commotion at the back of the crowded room, an excited buzz from the assembly, and a figure shuffled hurriedly down the aisle. Two fat policemen cursed as they followed the youth, but he easily eluded them.

Cowan could see Wally smile as he saw the boy get closer. It frightened Cowan but he didn't know why. Now the boy was almost there.

He made straight for Wally. Cowan recognized him as one of the Clipper mob. The boy lunged past a guard, came up to Wally, and shook his hand. Then the guards were on him, the two pursuing policemen closed in, and the boy was dragged away yelling encouragement at Wally.

"We'll have no more of that," one of the guards shouted at Wally, "or I'll slap the bracelets on all of you."

The other guard motioned them forward to their proper places, and Cowan followed, head down, beaten, and hopeless. Bassie was pulled in on his left, and Wally was being led toward them. Suddenly Wally pulled away from his guard. Then Wally was close to him, his bestial face fixed in savage triumph, a sharp, jagged blade in his cupped palm.

THE screams rose in intensity as Wally's hand swung in a gleaming arc, and Cowan gestured in limp, ineffectual defense. Searing pain spread across his groin as Wally struck again, higher this time and twisting the blade as the guards pulled and hauled at Wally, and the screaming and shouting reached an hysterical pitch. Cowan's hands

closed over the excruciating pain that was tearing him apart, and he stared in pop-eyed bewilderment at the blood gushing through his splayed fingers.

Everyone was shouting now, although Wally's wild, animal-like scream dominated the pandemonium in the courtroom. The guards pulled Wally off now, and Cowan toppled forward. He fell heavily and lay with his face against the hard floor, unable to move.

"Get a doctor!"

"Let him lie there!"

"That kid must have slipped him the knife."

"Yeah, but I don't see how—"

THE noise, confusion, and running about went on, but it was like the tide beating on a distant shore. Cowan wanted to tell them not to bother about the doctor and he tried to speak, but the words wouldn't come. Then the pain which had been torturing him was gone and suddenly he felt warm and happy in the swift, sure knowledge that he'd never have to run again. There'd be no courtroom with its gaping crowds. No sickening fear as he helplessly watched Bassie's trap close in on him. There'd be no screaming as he was led to the electric chair. Nothing. This was the end. He was free—at last.

Cowan twisted his face, his eyes blindly seeking out Wally, wanting to thank him and the Clippers, but there was only a gray haze that changed rapidly to black. He shut his eyes, smiling a little to himself. What was the sense in trying to keep them open when there was nothing left to see . . . ?

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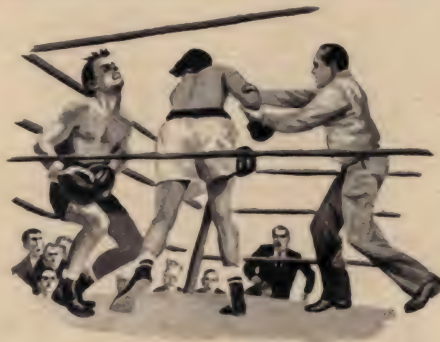
MEDICAL ROUNDUP

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MEN
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RED CHINA'S WITCH DOCTORS—

1958 will go down in China's medical history as "The Year the Witch Doctors Returned." Four years ago, by order of Ho Ch'eng—the army doctor who became head of Chinese public health—all of Red China's Western-trained doctors were ordered to revert to traditional methods of treating patients. "Traditional methods" meant lancing the skin or muscle with a long silver needle; the use of herbs to cure everything from appendicitis to fractures; breath control and shadow boxing. "Traditional methods" meant going back to the ancient beliefs that all internal diseases are caused by the "seven passions" and all external diseases by the "six excesses." Once the new decrees went into effect, anyone caught practicing "Western" medicine was accused of hindering the development of science, and patients were told to "establish revolutionary optimism and fight their diseases with strong will power." Most common diseases in Red China are dropsy and liver inflammation, caused by malnutrition and vitamin deficiency. But to label the diseases this way leaves a doctor open to charges of being a "Rightist." No doctor in Red China dares hint that there is malnutrition in the "people's paradise." With a tremendous cholera epidemic already behind them (50,000 deaths last year), and contact with Western medical methods and advances cut off, not only is the fate of China's millions in the balance, but the rest of the world can be engulfed by any nationwide epidemic that hits the Asiatic mainland. In the "great leap backwards," Red China has earned the distinction of having the worst, most undertrained, mediocrally oriented and politically infected medical profession on the face of the globe.

BOXING'S LETHAL KAYO—What actually happens when a fighter like Benny "Kid" Paret is killed in the ring? What really causes death from a punch to the head? Simply stated, the injuries sustained by a kayoed boxer are bruises to the brain, ruptured blood vessels and destroyed nerve cells. The average fighter hits with the force of 10 foot-pounds of kinetic energy. Depending on how the victim is set to receive the punch, the damage can be assessed. If he is well coordinated and alert, he will have his chin tucked in, his neck muscles braced and he can take most punches with relatively little damage. However, if these



conditions are not present when the blow is struck, the skull moves quickly into the jelly-like brain, causing a bruising effect. If the bruises are serious enough, slow hemorrhages will form that cause permanent damage to that part of the brain affected. When the head is not rigidly supported by the braced neck muscles, the skull is forced into various parts of the brain with sufficient power to produce severe bleeding and clotting at the injured sites. The clotting prevents circulation of blood and the brain ceases to function properly. Should this condition be widespread enough, too many brain cells are destroyed and death moves in.

OLD PILOTS SOMETIME DIE—US

Air Force medics are growing more and more concerned about the advancing age of our pilots—particularly those who fly our A-bomb-loaded planes. As they age, their chances mount of sustaining a heart attack while in flight. With an increasing number of pilots, both military and civilian, reaching their late 40s and early 50s, Air Force doctors are prescribing rigid programs of weight control, diet and exercise, plus a reduction in the amount of alcohol and tobacco consumed. Pilots over 40 who have a family history of heart attacks are watched even more carefully—especially in light of figures that show one out of every five active crew members is past 40, and in further recognition of the fact that, out of 96 military air crash victims, one-third had a significant disease of the coronary artery.

K-RATIONS WERE NEVER LIKE

THIS—World War II chow hounds who think back to their gripes over everything from S.O.S. to K-Rations will be interested in the menus being prepared for future GIs. At a special preview of food-to-come, staff members of the Surgeon General's Office of the U.S. Army were treated to the following tid-bits: irradiated meats and shrimps; dehydrated chicken salad, beef, cheese and pineapple; "quick serve" meal packages; survival food packets; and "foods for space." Included in the "quick serve" packages were instant apple juice, cheese straws, irradiated fried chicken, freeze-dried corn in butter sauce, instant garden spinach, dehydrated cole slaw, freeze-dried fresh fruit salad with strawberry sour cream dressing, instant bread rolls, butter, cake crescents with orange crystals sauce, and coffee.

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U-2 Pilot Rescue

Continued from page 16

Good, he thought. They have arrived. So far so good. And the soldiers have their instructions. If the Americans try anything tricky, they are to fire immediately. He patted his chest on the left side and felt the comforting shape of a heavy duty Beretta pistol. He glanced at the young American sitting glumly on a rock. *And I myself will dispose of Mr. Francis Gary Powers.*

From the opposite shore, a figure detached itself and began moving forward confidently. The American stopped half-way across the bridge.

"Mr. Shishkin?" he called.

The Russian stepped forward. "Good morning, Mr. Donovan."

JAMES BRITT DONOVAN—a strongly built man of medium height, in his mid '40s, a New York City lawyer, father of four, member of The Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick, ace tennis player, collector of rare books and illuminated manuscripts—smiled thinly at the Russian. He could see the East Germans' guns, and he knew they more truly represented Shishkin's state of mind than the affable "good morning."

"We're ready whenever you are, Mr. Shishkin," he said. "We'll be waiting to hear that Frederick Pryor's been released at the Friedrichstrasse checkpoint and is safely in American hands."

Donovan turned and strode back across the bridge. Waiting for him were several men, shivering slightly in the early morning breeze.

There was Allan E. Lightner, assistant chief of the United States mission in West Berlin. There were two armed guards, one carrying a walkie-talkie. Donovan had told them to be alert, and they were. But they were careful not to appear hostile or aggressive. And there was a man who knew Gary Powers personally, who could identify him beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Finally, there was the man the Russians wanted so desperately they were willing to trade the American student, Pryor, and the U-2 pilot, Gary Powers, for him—even though Powers in a Russian prison constituted an extremely valuable propaganda weapon in the continuing cold war struggle.

The man they had to have back was Rudolph Abel, master spy. No mere run of the mill cloak-and-dagger operative, Col. Abel, at the time of his arrest in 1957, was the top Russian spy on the North American continent.

All in all, it was a good trade. Both sides were getting exactly what they wanted, no more, no less—provided everything went according to plan. If and when young Pryor safely reached the American side after being released by the Russians at the Friedrichstrasse checkpoint, only then would Powers

and Abel be exchanged at the Glienicker Bridge.

The GI with the walkie-talkie glanced at his watch. It was about time for the "okay" message to be coming from Friedrichstrasse. He frowned and looked up at Donovan, who was pacing vigorously back and forth.

"Still no word, Mr. Donovan. I'm not so sure these Russkies can be trusted."

Donovan laughed. "I'm not so sure they can be trusted, either, but that's not involved here. This is a straight swap. They just don't get Babe Ruth until we know we've got Walter Johnson safely wrapped up."

Abel chuckled. "I'm flattered to be compared with Babe Ruth."

From across the bridge, Shishkin's voice rang out. "Your Mr. Pryor has just been released. Let us get on with the business here. Have your group move to the center of the bridge, and so will we."

Col. Abel rose quickly, a look of relief on his face, but Donovan motioned him to sit down. Then the lawyer cupped his hands around his mouth and called back.

"We're waiting for confirmation." Then he winked at the GI with the walkie-talkie. "See what I mean? All the cards are on the table."

The GI was grinning from ear to ear. "Yes sir," he said, "I sure do see what you mean."

James Britt Donovan was born in New York City on February 29, 1916. In an action-packed life full of public service and private achievement, he has always been a battler from the word go. The more the competition, the more pleasure he got from his victories. He learned at an early age to feel comfortable at the top of the heap.

EVEN when he was just a fuzzy-faced teenager, Jimmy began gathering the laurels of the winner. He was the New York City Private Schools singles champ in tennis, and he played a fast, driving guard on the basketball team at All Hallows High School. He was editor-in-chief of the newspaper. And just to keep busy during his spare moments, he managed to rack up a scholastic record good enough to win him a New York State scholarship. This took him to Fordham U. in 1933, where he continued to bull his way to the top. In addition to making the varsity tennis squad, he became the only two-year editor of the Fordham *Ram*, the school paper. He debated, did a turn or two on the college stage, and wound up being voted "Best All Around Man" on campus, and the fellow who "Did Most For Fordham."

Shortly after he got his degree from Harvard Law School in 1940, he was admitted to the New York Bar, and for two years practiced privately in New York City. He worked hard, and he learned his business

well. There was only one thing missing: the excitement of a really big challenge.

That came with World War II. Once the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor had catapulted America into the conflict, Jimmy chafed at the bit. Unable to sit on the sidelines, he'd just about decided to apply for a commission in the Navy when he was offered a job that would not only enable him to use his legal talents, but would put him right in the thick of things.

"It's a good opportunity for a young fellow who wants to feel he's contributing substantially to the war effort," one of the job "agents" told him. But when Jimmy persisted in trying to find out precisely *what* the job was, the agent merely smiled and shook his head. A polite but uninformative man, he would only say that Donovan would be working on the most important project of the war.

IT was all very exasperating, but Donovan's curiosity was whetted and he accepted. Governmental wheels began spinning, and in a short while he found himself at the Washington airport, being greeted by a very official looking black car which whisked him off to his destination.

The sign on the door said "United States Office of Scientific Research and Development."

Donovan was disappointed. This was just another desk job. Not at all what he'd had in mind when he signed up to work for the "most important project of the war." He considered changing his mind and putting his Navy application through again. But when he found out what this "Research and Development" consisted of, he felt a good deal better about the whole thing.

He was Associate General Counsel for the outfit that developed a startling new gadget called radar. Among other things, radar very rapidly robbed the German submarine fleet of all its power, and played a major role in getting masses of B-17s up to snuff for the terrifyingly effective saturation raids on Ploesti, Dresden, Schweinfurt, Munich, the Krupp production plants all over Germany, and finally the heart of the Nazi homeland, Berlin itself.

The assignment included another job—something they called the "Manhattan Project." Long the most closely guarded secret of the war, it consisted of a group of brilliant minds that researched, developed and produced a tidy little weapon that used the splitting of the atom for its previously undreamed-of destructive powers.

When they first told him about it, Donovan asked innocently, "What's an A-bomb? Is it more than a 1,000-pound block-buster?"

(Continued on page 54)

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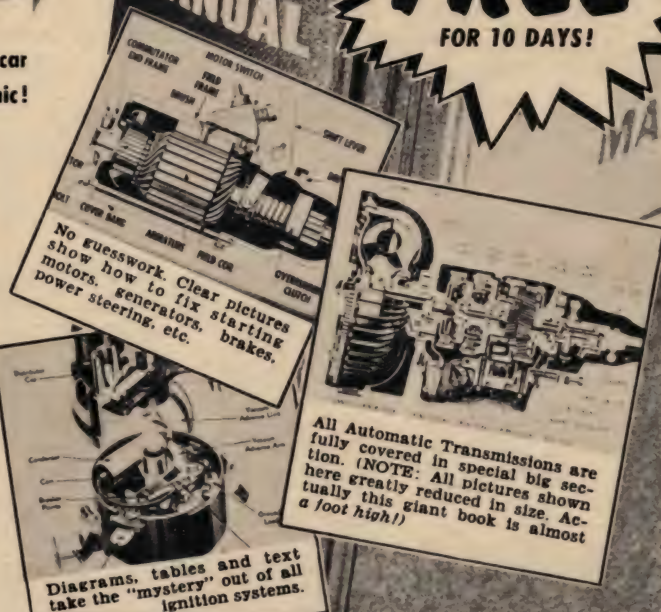
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"I'd say so," one scientist casually replied. "Yes, I think perhaps it will be a bit more powerful."

After a rewarding year at this post, Donovan's thoughts turned once again to the Navy. Important as his job was, he still felt himself a little too far in the backcourt, so in 1943 he finally made the break and switched to the Navy.

After his stay at the Naval Training School in Princeton, New Jersey, newly commissioned line officer Ensign Donovan eagerly awaited his first assignment. He had daydreams about boarding a giant battlewagon, the mighty "Mo" perhaps, or maybe a carrier like the famed "Big E"; saw himself gunnery officer in the thick of a furious naval battle.

BUT the Navy had other plans for him. When he received his duty orders, he found he'd been ordered to report to Washington again, to a man named William J. Donovan. He squawked bitterly, but orders were orders, and once again he trekked down to the Capital, mumbling, "Maybe this Donovan thinks I'm his long-lost nephew or something."

William J. Donovan turned out to be no relation. He also turned out, for a Washington soldier, to be one hell of a front-line fighter. He was "Wild Bill" Donovan, and his outfit was probably the only one in D.C. that couldn't be accused of harboring its share of armchair admirals or flabby, coffee-break commandos.

Ensign Jimmy Donovan had been assigned to the Office of Strategic Services. Its duties: Intelligence, secret espionage, sabotage. For security reasons, Jimmy Donovan's contributions in the OSS cannot be revealed, but they undoubtedly kept him busy—he received the Navy's highly regarded *Legion of Merit* for "exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services from April 1944 to September 1945 as General Counsel of the Office of Strategic Services."

The 28-year-old New Yorker was so highly thought of that he became one of Wild Bill's most valued advisors, and "often represented him in conference with high echelon officers at the State, War and Navy departments," according to the *Legion of Merit* citation.

Oddly enough, however, his most important military service took place after the war, when the Allies got together to prosecute the Axis war criminals.

A battery of the finest legal minds, the most noted jurists and the keenest military experts from the U.S., Britain, France, and Russia were given the mission of developing an air-tight indictment against such German military leaders as Goering, Doenitz, Himmler, and such industrialists as Krupp, and the I.G. Farben combine.

The American chief counsel, Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson, selected Jimmy Donovan as one of his prime assistants, giving him the primary duties of putting together a legal staff for Jackson and "integrating its work with experts in specialized fields in the preparation of war crimes cases."

A large part of this work consisted of digging into enormous masses of still photos and motion pictures captured from the enemy, in order to come up with visual evidence

that would finally and conclusively hang the defendants at the major war crimes trials at Nuremberg.

During the trial itself, Donovan served as Associate Prosecutor. The brilliance with which he carried out all these varied assignments is attested to by his Legion of Merit, which says that "As representative to the War Crimes office he demonstrated . . . ability of the highest calibre . . . Commander Donovan's contributions to the triumph of Allied arms and the discharge of subsequent responsibilities [at Nuremberg] reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Navy."

With this background behind him, it was hardly surprising that Donovan was asked to serve as defense counsel in one of the most sensational trials of the century, in 1957.

The defendant: Rudolph Ivanovich Abel, alias Emil Goldfus, alias Martin Collins, alias Andrew Kayotis; a full colonel in the K.G.B. (Russia's overseas intelligence operation).

The capture of Col. Abel was by all odds our most important cold war victory up to that time. It greatly embarrassed the USSR, which had been caught flat-footed; it drove the Kremlin into an unaccustomed propaganda silence, if only temporarily; and most important of all, it sorely disrupted Russian espionage activities in America.

Abel, a tall, thin, cultivated, well-educated and mild-mannered man, had been operating out of a dingy, \$30-a-month Brooklyn studio as a starving artist. The studio contained, among other things, hollowed out coins used as microfilm containers, microfilm, a vast collection of U.S. maps, some \$21,000 in cash and bank deposits, and a high-powered short-wave radio for communicating with Moscow.

The evidence against Abel was so airtight, the prosecution figured there was no chance he could escape the death penalty for the charge of "conspiracy to commit espionage."

Then began the search to find a man who would defend Abel in court, and it turned out that nobody wanted to have anything to do with defending a man whose mission was the destruction of the American way of life.

AND this included Donovan. But, unlike the others, Donovan felt very strongly that protecting the constitutional rights on which America justifiably prides itself was more important than turning down a case which was personally offensive to him. When he finally agreed to take the case, he made it clear he was doing it as a public service, and that any fee approved by the Court would be donated to appropriate charities. And what's more, he didn't take the case half-heartedly. A staunch anti-Communist, Donovan represented the Red agent to the best of his abilities.

His best, as always, was damned good. Abel was convicted, and the evidence more than proved his guilt. But he wasn't given the death penalty. It was Donovan's unusual foresight that saved Abel's life—and eventually the life of Francis Gary Powers.

Based on two factors which Donovan felt were of the utmost importance, he "decided to make a plea that Abel not be electrocuted, in that it would not be in the best interests of the country." The two factors, Donovan reasoned, were more important than any national satisfaction we could have gotten from Abel's death. The first was the possibility that Abel would cooperate with CIA. As the head of an intricate ring of spies, any

information Abel might give would be invaluable. As for the second factor: "Suppose," Donovan conjectured, "just suppose that in the foreseeable future, an American of comparable rank falls into the hands of the Russians. It is possible, after all."

It would be very valuable to have a man like Abel around, a man who could be used for trade bait.

The court agreed with Donovan's canny thinking and handed down a sentence of 30 years and \$3,000.

When the sentence was carried to the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, the judges broke all precedent by applauding Donovan and his legal team, who had, said the judges, "represented their client with rare ability and in the highest traditions of their profession."

CHIEF Justice Earl Warren of the Supreme Court added his own commendation, and a superlative one it was: "In my time on this Court," he said, "no man has undertaken a more arduous, more self-sacrificing task. It gives the Court great comfort to know that members of our bar associations are willing to undertake this sort of public service in this type of case, which normally would be offensive to them."

But there were others who couldn't see it that way. If Donovan was defending a Commie spy, they reasoned, then Donovan must be a Commie himself. These were only rabble-rousers and hate-mongers, but they made themselves heard. Pretty soon, they began attacking Donovan personally, with crank letters, with threatening phone calls. It got so bad that the Donovans had to have their phone disconnected. This was very inconvenient, but it didn't threaten Donovan's assurance that he had done the right thing. This was just the poisonous venom from the "lunatic fringe," after all.

On May 1, 1960, the electrifying news was flashed from the Kremlin that the Russians had captured an American U-2 "sky spy."

It was the eventuality Donovan had predicted three years earlier. It was the final vindication of his thinking, and even the most rabid of the "Hang Abel" mob had to agree that Donovan had been years ahead of them.

Francis Gary Powers, a pilot working for the CIA, had been flying the super-fast, high-flying U-2 reconnaissance plane 1,200 miles inside the Soviet Union when, for reasons that still haven't been fully explained, he was forced to bail out at 60,000 feet.

Captured by the Russians, along with undestroyed portions of his plane, Powers was tried as a spy.

"I realize I've committed a grave crime," he said at his trial, "and I realize I must be punished for it."

He was sentenced to ten years in a Russian prison for "aerial espionage." By January, 1962, Powers had served 20 months of his term. He still had 100 months to go, and no way whatsoever to cut it short—except for one. The trade for Rudolph Abel. The Russians wanted him very badly, and after thinking about it for a year and a half, the Kremlin decided to try.

Since Donovan's foresight had made possible a swap, it was Donovan they contacted.

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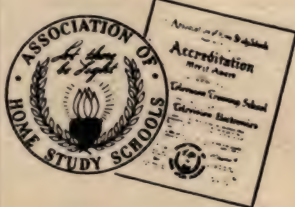
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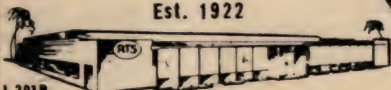
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Donovan immediately notified the State Department, and with their blessings he proceeded to encourage the Russians. There followed an extensive correspondence with people who said they were Abel's wife and daughter. Donovan couldn't be sure. But it didn't really matter, so long as they could actually represent the Russians in an exchange conference.

Finally, Donovan decided the time was ripe for a positive offer, and suggested that he meet with them at the Soviet Embassy in East Berlin on February 2, 1962. It was just the offer they were waiting for, and they bought it eagerly.

Donovan immediately packed to go on a "business trip." The secrecy surrounding his caper was so great that even his family didn't know where he was going, or what he was up to. They thought he was in London working on legal matters, and in order to safeguard this cover story, postcards were mailed to Brooklyn from London for Donovan, while he actually was living in a small room in West Berlin, near the wall.

The first time he tried to cross the barriers, he ran into trouble. He had traveled via the elevated railway, the *Estbahn*, one stop of which is in East Berlin, and as he approached the checkpoint where guards cleared credentials, he could see that the guards were damned mean. Other people were being pushed around, and Donovan knew he'd get the same treatment unless he did something about it. So he gritted his teeth, stormed up to the guards, and began blasting away at them, as if he were their master sergeant.

His German wasn't very good, but his show of authority was. The guards blinked nervously at him, and when he growled, "I have an appointment at the Soviet Embassy," they all fell back and allowed him to proceed unharmed and unbothered.

AT THE Embassy, he was escorted down a long corridor to the office of the Second Secretary, Ivan Shishkin.

Shishkin was all friendliness and courtesy. He shook hands, offered Donovan a cigarette, and gestured for him to sit in the most comfortable chair. He smiled pleasantly, and his eyes glinted with anticipated pleasure. He had visions of pulling off the best trade since the Yanks got Babe Ruth from the Red Sox.

"We are prepared to offer you Mr. Frederick Pryor in exchange for our Mr. Abel." (The Russians never referred to Abel as Colonel; they refused to admit he was a spy.)

"Col. Abel is worth a good deal more than Mr. Pryor," Donovan answered.

Pryor was an American college student who had been arrested the previous August on trumped-up spy charges.

"You will have your spy back," Shishkin said suavely, "and we will have back our unfortunate Mr. Abel, who is, after all, of no importance politically."

Donovan stood up. "Goodbye, Mr. Shishkin. It's been nice meeting you. If you want to contact me, you have my address."

Donovan went home, leaving the stunned Russian to make his choice. The following day, Shishkin notified Donovan that Moscow had suggested that Mr. Powers might—just might—be exchanged. Could they talk?



For ten days Donovan crossed the wall, each time shouting down the burly checkpoint guards—who "looked like retired wrestlers"—on his way to the cat-and-mouse game at the Soviet Embassy.

Shishkin was determined to get the best of Donovan, and tried everything he could think of. First he produced an East German lawyer named Eric Vogel, representing the Abel family. Vogel had a brief case stuffed with legal papers, excerpts from "important" trials, and East German laws—a truckload of words that Donovan cut right through.

"Powers for Abel," he said bluntly.

"Impossible," the Russians said.

"In that case, Powers and Pryor for Abel."

Shishkin rejected Donovan's offer categorically, but he also smiled politely. Donovan wasn't put off. He was going to play the nerve-wracking game right through to the finish. And he was going to come home with the chips.

"I spent ten days in East Berlin playing poker for table stakes (no limit on the bets)," he said afterwards.

After a few sessions, Shishkin produced two women he thought would help him in his game. One was a sweet, gentle lady, supposedly Abel's wife. She was meant to prey on Donovan's finest feelings, his sympathy for a lonely wife bereft of her husband. Shishkin knew that Donovan was a family man.

But it was no go. Donovan thought the woman was a damned good "character actress"—and that was all.

The other, supposedly Abel's daughter, was a pretty and curvaceous Russian girl who said nothing during the entire time. She simply looked at Donovan with big, limpid eyes. Whenever he glanced at her, the eyes began to flutter.

IT WAS obvious she was there for window dressing, and when it was clear her efforts were being wasted, she wasn't seen again. She was probably sent packing to the school for lady provocateurs, to brush up on her technique.

At last, Shishkin had to admit defeat. The terms were quickly arranged. Powers and Abel would be exchanged on the Glienicke Bridge at 8:20 A.M., February 9th. At the same time, Pryor, the American student, would be released at the Friedrichstrasse checkpoint.

On Wednesday, the 7th, Shishkin couldn't bear it any longer. He knew that Donovan had gotten the best of him, and it was eating him up. He sent a letter to Donovan: "I

have been informed that our government does not wish to exchange your Mr. Powers and Mr. Pryor for our Mr. Abel. The deal is off. If you wish to have Mr. Makinen (another Red-captive American student accused of spying in Kiev, Russia) we will make that trade."

Donovan's answer: "Nothing doing."

Shishkin was furious but there was nothing he could do. His government wanted Abel, and he couldn't get Abel unless he gave in to Donovan.

"Good news," he notified Donovan a short time later. "After much urging I have persuaded my government to give in to your terms. You will have your Mr. Powers."

"And Mr. Pryor."

SHISHKIN hesitated, then said, "And Mr. Pryor."

At 8:20 A.M., February 9th, the sun broke through the clouds and began to shine hotly on the Glienicke Bridge. All the fog had been burned away. It was a clean, crisp day, just the kind Donovan liked. Especially since he just had been notified by the GI with the walkie-talkie that American officials at the Friedrichstrasse had confirmed the release of Frederick Pryor.

Donovan motioned for his party to move forward. On the opposite side the Russian party followed Shishkin toward the center of the bridge.

As the two parties met, Donovan and Shishkin stared at each other. Five yards behind Donovan was Abel, with a guard. Five yards behind Shishkin was Powers, with two guards.

Donovan was feeling good although weary from lack of sleep. The strain was beginning to show but he smiled easily at Shishkin.

"You ought to go into government work, Mr. Donovan," the Russian said smoothly. "You ought to study Russian."

Donovan grunted. "In America," he replied, "only the optimists study Russian. The pessimists study Chinese."

Shishkin flushed. The reference to the political split between Russia and Red China had hit home. He said nothing as Abel moved to Donovan's side. They shook hands, Abel thanked the American for everything he had done, then he walked across the border into East Germany.

Powers stepped briskly past Shishkin, restraining the impulse to run. There was an ear-to-ear grin across his face as he went up to Donovan.

"Gee," he said to the lawyer, "am I glad to see you!"

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Cut-Off Patrol

Continued from page 33

could. Nevertheless, they kept pouring it out.

But still the Germans came on, fanatically charging through the curtain of steel he laid down, and when Wood saw Mark IV's outflanking him on a nearby road, he knew it was time to pull back. He ordered the firing locks and sights removed from the 105s, placed thermite grenades in their barrels and pulled out.

The road to St. Vith was the scene of a completely disorganized rout, jammed with retreating equipment and green, demoralized troops bent on only one thing—getting away from the holocaust riding their rear. But at Meyerode, on the edge of the Billingen Forest, it was to catch up with them.

Dietrich's Sixth SS Panzer Army, which earlier that morning had come sliding down the north side of the Schnee Eifel hogback, slicing through the US 14th Cavalry Group like a hot knife through butter, had reached the village ahead of the retreating troops and was now sealing the sack that was to net the Germans over 7,000 prisoners. Of those thus trapped, only a few isolated groups and individuals escaped.

ONE of these individuals was Lieutenant Eric Wood.

He'd seen his chance while he and his men were being rounded up by a Mark IV just outside Meyerode. Dense forest was less than 60 yards away. An SS man, a burp gun cradled in his arms, straddled the tank's turret, but he was facing the other way, herding the prisoners into a double column. Wood was halfway to the trees before the SS trooper spotted him and opened fire—and by then it was too late.

Short on guards, the Krauts didn't go after him, figuring that cold and hunger would drive him back. But they were wrong. Wood, ordinarily an easygoing, rather quiet type, was mad. He was mad because he'd been forced to desert his guns, a serious blow to an artilleryman's pride, and because too many people were pointing their own guns at him and ordering him around. He was determined to remain alive—and free.

He spent that night hiding in a dense thicket at the bottom of a ravine. Thick with snow, it formed a kind of natural covering and, by breathing into his helmet liner, he was able to stay fairly warm. He lay there, listening to the rumble of advancing German equipment, wondering how far behind the enemy lines he was by now. Occasionally he heard shots and commands being shouted in German, so he kept his .45 out, ready.

When it was light, he crawled out and cautiously looked around. The overcast had dropped even lower, scraping the tops of the pines, and now there was ground fog too—

which was good. It would help him sneak through to Divisional Headquarters at St. Vith. He took out his map—the only equipment besides his .45 which he had—and tried to figure his location.

He heard a twig snap behind him. He whirled, his .45 ready. Less than five yards away stood a figure in an American uniform, rifle raised. The two men stared at each other for almost a minute, then the one with the rifle said slowly, "Let me hear you talk American." Wood gave his name, rank, serial number, then challenged the other soldier. This went on for a few minutes, first one challenging, then the other, until—apparently satisfied—the other man lowered his rifle and approached. "I guess you're for real, Lieutenant," he said. "But there was a couple I met earlier that wasn't. They're dead Krauts now."

The rifleman—Corporal Pete Vecchio, 422nd Infantry Regiment—shared his remaining K-rations with Wood, and then the two men set out to reconnoiter the area. They spent the day matching what landmarks they could find, trying to get a clear picture of their position. It was toward evening that they came across a body—a civilian's. His skull was smashed in, his features distorted with terror. A bit farther on they found more bodies—machine-gunned. Then, turning a corner in the trail, they found themselves staring at three naked bodies hanging from a branch, frozen to stone, turning slowly in the wind.

"Krauts been this way," said Vecchio tonelessly, spitting.

Wood grabbed his arm. "Listen!" There was a sound of digging in a nearby thicket. Sneaking forward silently, the two men burst through it, leveling their guns at an old man who stood shoveling dirt into a rough grave.

HE whirled around, fear in his eyes. When he saw the American uniforms, however, he smiled and motioned the men to follow him. He was a woodcutter named Peter Maraite, and he'd been out in the forest burying his brother whom the Germans had shot; this was established after he had sneaked the two Americans past German sentries to his house in Meyerode, and sent his daughter to get the village's only English-speaking inhabitant, Jean Schroder.

"The murderers are SS men off the Russian front," said Schroder as the two Americans, their clothes drying in front of the fire, sat drinking the chicory-flavored black coffee that Mrs. Maraite had brewed.

"They kill anyone in their path."

Wood questioned him about the possibility of getting through to St. Vith and Schroder said it was impossible—the Krauts were everywhere. "In that case," said Wood grim-

ly, remembering those naked bodies turning in the wind, "my friend and I are going to start a little war of our own. Right here in the forest."

The two men sat up late while Schroder went over the map with them, marking trails, German bivouacs, landmarks, even an abandoned American ammunition dump that he said contained many drums of gasoline and shells. Then Wood and Vecchio cleaned their weapons, sewed the white sheets they'd gotten from Mrs. Maraite into workable snow suits, and bedded down for the night.

The following dawn the Maraite woke them, fed them a hearty breakfast and stuffed their pockets full of sandwiches. Just before they disappeared into the gloom, Mrs. Maraite pressed some extra sheets into their arms. "In case you meet any more of your countrymen," she said.

THEY did, late that afternoon, and it almost cost them their lives. They were approaching the abandoned ammo dump when a sharp burst of gunfire split the silence and bullets churned the snow ahead of them.

"Hit the dirt," shouted Vecchio. The shooting stopped and after a short silence, a voice called out, "You Americans? Stand up and show yourselves."

They rose, slipping off their snow suits. The usual challenges passed back and forth, and then four US infantrymen, one lugging a light machine gun, filed out of the thicket. They were also 422nd Regiment men, it turned out. They hadn't eaten for 24 hours, so Wood and Vecchio shared their sandwiches with them. These new additions to the little army had an 81-mm mortar which they had found in the dump along with ammunition for it, two dozen grenades, and a lot of standard 30-caliber ammo.

After combing the dump again, but finding nothing but useless heavy ammo and gasoline drums, the men lugged the equipment they had to the most strategic part of the forest—the dense Omerscheid area where four trails came together, then split off into two, one leading to St. Vith, the other to Amblève. The crossroads were about 400 yards from the ravine where Wood spent his first night, so the six men built a primitive lean-to in this ravine as their headquarters, set the mortar up outside it, practicing—under Wood's expert eye—the various ranges which made them able to cover all the trails, including the path leading to the ravine. These gradations they marked with a knife for instantaneous adjustment.

They began their private war with the Wehrmacht's toughest SS division the following dawn, picking off a patrol of a dozen

(Continued on page 60)

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Krauts sent out to reconnoiter the forest. As they expected, the furious Germans sent out a larger patrol a few hours later, and so this time two of the group's precious stock of grenades went into action, leaving only three enemy survivors to stagger back to Meyerode.

During the next few days, Lieutenant Wood's little phantom army flitted from one part of the forest to the other, sniping at work parties, ambushing patrols sent after them. Becoming more daring, they began to prey on the two main highways that skirted the forest, picking off motorcycle couriers, and twice grenading light-armored vehicles.

BUT by now their food situation was desperate. There was no game in the forest, and the bodies of Germans they searched never had more than an occasional chocolate bar on them. In addition to this, the weather suddenly turned intensely cold. It stopped snowing, the overcast broke up. Everything was frozen brittle. The blue-white snow crunched under their feet like ground glass. They kept pressing their mittened hands against their noses that ached with every intake of breath. They no longer dared sleep at night for fear of freezing to death. Instead, they danced around, pummeling each other, trying to stay warm. A fire was impossible because they lacked matches and dry wood—besides, the Krauts might spot it.

During this period, Wood's legs gradually began to lose all sensation. He felt as if he were walking around on stilts. When he stripped off his socks, big patches of skin stuck to them. His toes were a mass of blisters, and his heels had raw, open wounds, almost black, but with no blood coming out. Frostbite. There was no mistaking it. He tried cutting away the rotted flesh with his knife but it didn't do any good.

Once the weather had cleared they began to hear their planes overhead again, and bombs crashing the length of the two main highways. Night and day the bombing and strafing went on, and often the black smoke of burning German equipment blotted out the sun. They would have stood up and cheered if they'd had the strength, but by now they were half-dead from hunger. . . .

Then, the day before Christmas, came a miracle. Meyerode's six-horse snow-plow, plus a detachment of heavily armed German infantry, hove into view along one of the trails. Wood ordered the mortar into use, mopping up with grenades and light, sweeping fire from the machine gun. When the smoke cleared, the little army had used up most of their precious ammunition—but they had food!

Although three horses had escaped, two were dead and one lay wounded. They shot the wounded one, slit open all the bellies and luxuriated in the hot, steaming entrails that poured out. They took off their boots and mittens and waded in the slimy, revolting mass, trying to rub life back into their frozen extremities. It was the first scrap of warmth any of them had felt for almost a week. Then they hacked off big chunks of the raw meat, wolfing it down with blood which they caught in their helmets.

The feast made them dangerously sleepy, so they spent the rest of the day jogging around, roughhousing and working on the lean-to in the ravine. It was there that, toward evening, Jean Schroder found them.

He had come cautiously through the forest, holding his handkerchief aloft, and Vecchio, who was on sentry duty, spotted him and called Wood.

Schroder had astounding news: General Sepp Dietrich was in Meyerode. He'd requisitioned the house of Burgermeister Jean Pauels for his temporary headquarters, and Schroder's sister, who was the burgermeister's regular cook, now cooked for the butcher-boy general himself. Like most Belgians in that area, she understood German, and she had overheard Dietrich ordering a huge supply column rerouted through the Büllingen Forest. These supplies *had* to get through, Dietrich had told his adjutants—otherwise his entire offensive would bog down. With the Allied air forces pounding away at the main roads, he had no choice but to try to sneak the stuff through the forest. That's why the snowplow had been sent out—to clear the trails for tonight.

Schroder paused hopefully, and Vecchio snorted, "What the hell are we supposed to do? Stop them with a mortar and a couple of grenades?"

Wood looked thoughtful. "Why not? The trails are so narrow that if we could cripple the lead tank it would block the whole column." Then he outlined his plan.

When he finished, Schroder grinned. "You know what Dietrich calls you?" He asked. "*Ein verdammter Frieschütz!*"

"What's that?"

"A damned enchanted hunter," laughed Schroder. "And I think he's right."

That night Wood was wounded in the action described earlier. As he lay there, unable to rise he could hear the Germans coming to get him.

From where he lay he could see them. The one in the lead had a grease gun, and he was swinging it into firing position. Instinctively, Wood's hand went up automatically trying to fend off the death-splatter that he knew would come barreling at him the next second. It was then he saw the grenade—he was still clutching it unthinkingly. He didn't stop to figure out why he'd forgotten it, but jerked the pin with his teeth, flinging it as hard as he could. . . .

THE agonizing wrench of pain brought him to a sitting position. He saw the burst of snow and steel, the Krauts twisting over like scarecrows knocked down by the wind. Then, gritting his teeth against the pain, he struggled to his feet and started after the disappearing shadows that were his men.

There were more Germans still coming. He could hear the crack of their weapons in the cold air, but it didn't matter any more—he knew everything was going to work. He saw his men plunge down the ravine, knew the enemy hadn't seen because they were too far back. He watched the blood dribbling down his arm and into the snow. That was good too. It would give the Germans a trail.

Wood staggered past the ravine, glancing neither right nor left. Behind him he heard the Germans gaining. He put on a last burst of speed, throwing himself into a thicket about 100 yards beyond. From there, he watched them come. When they surged past a tree about 200 paces from the ravine, he shouted "Fire!" as loud as he could.

Snow and earth hurtled up with a reverberating slam, fragments of Germans and their weapons with it. The others reeled back, regrouped under the orders of cursing non-

coms, and began to thread forward again. "Fire!" shouted Wood. Again the mortar whammed and more Germans twisted into the snow. The others had enough. They were falling back, firing aimlessly at the invisible enemy. Wood stumbled forward, faint from loss of blood, but shouting murder all the way. His little army surged up the ravine, picking off the retreating Germans with rifle fire.

"Swell," said Vecchio later, bandaging Wood's shoulder with scraps of torn sheet. "We delayed them. But now they're cutting the trees away and winching that junk off the trail. My money says they'll be on the move in another five minutes. So what do we do?"

WOOD was silent a minute, thinking of his shoulder wound, his frostbitten legs.

"Look," he said finally. "Those horses were a lucky break. But there aren't going to be any more. Food or breaks. On the other hand, if we surrender, the Krauts will shoot us anyway. So there's not much choice." The men watched him expectantly. He shrugged. "It's simple enough. We still have the mortar and two shells left, and there's that dump full of ammo and gasoline. . . ."

"Right next to the trail the Krauts will have to use," finished Vecchio excitedly. "Lieutenant, you're a genius!"

Lieutenant Wood and his men lugged the mortar a mile through deep snow, racing against the advancing German supply column. They set it up for its widest trajectory, then waited. When the first tanks began to rumble past the abandoned dump, they fired. . . .

The explosion was felt in Meyerode, three miles away. "It was like 500 bombs or the end of the world," Peter Maraite testified later.

"The whole works must have gone up," agreed Jean Schroder.

And with it, Dietrich's offensive. His Panzer army, battered and completely out of supplies, was hammered into submission the day after Christmas by concerted attacks of the 3rd Armored and the 75th Division, which had come to the relief of the 82nd Airborne. And with Dietrich's collapse, the entire northern half of the Germans' Ardennes breakthrough folded.

Lieutenant Wood and two of his men survived the explosion. Horribly burned and mutilated, they continued to fight on, picking off fleeing Germans until they, themselves, were finally killed. Half-crazed with pain and with only a handful of cartridges left, they still managed to take more of Dietrich's supermen with them. This was established by the American Graves Registration people who passed through the area later. They reported finding six Americans and some 200 Germans dead in the forest. Next to the corpse later identified as Lieutenant Eric Wood's, they found seven dead Germans alone, three of them with stab wounds in the chest and abdomen.

Even after the war, General Sepp Dietrich was still storming to his captors about the "criminal scoundrels and bandits" who infested the Büllingen Forest. But the people of Meyerode saw it differently. They named the main trail through the forest "Wood's Alley." Fitting tribute to the man they characterized in their affidavits for the award of Medal of Honor as "very big and powerful of body and brave of spirit."



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"Experiment Girl" Barracks

Continued from page 15

medicine by conducting similar experiments."

"Will it not be quite painful on these people?" Captain Masuko asked. "Especially the women?"

Dr. Yamamoto had a fiendish temper which he tried to keep under control. Now it exploded and he smashed his glass down on the table so hard that the glass splintered, cutting his hand. He ignored the blood and snapped in a shrill voice, "I don't like your question, Captain! Certainly there will be pain and suffering. But all human knowledge is gained that way. Are you implying that I am a cruel man, that I would *want* to see people suffer? If you are suggesting that, Captain, then you are dangerously close to subversive thinking!"

CAPTAIN Masuko was a prudent man. He avoided answering the doctor by standing and saying quickly, "You must excuse me. I am needed on deck. We sail tonight at seven o'clock, Colonel."

The following morning, Dr. Yamamoto and Major Takakua, who relished his job, went on deck to inspect the human cargo. There was not enough space for the prisoners to lie down. They slept standing in muddy, vermin-infested clothing. Rain pelted them without let-up and the deck was slippery.

Major Takakua carried a riding crop with a pointed head. When he was angry—which was often—he would jab it at whichever prisoner annoyed him. The sharp point drew blood, and prisoners tried to avoid offending Takakua, who was a lecher as well as a sadist.

Now he gestured toward a knot of women near the stern and said to Dr. Yamamoto, "The brothel at Port Dickson provided some fine specimens, eh, Colonel? I especially like that one. She is only 17 but she has fire in her eyes and a lean belly. Her name is Anyi. I trust you will let me have her a while, then you may take her when I no longer need her."

Yamamoto grunted noncommittally.

At Port Dickson, a round-the-clock joy-spot with five bars and one busy brothel, 18 young women had been employed in the resort operated by Mrs. Fannie Hanks, an English widow who had operated her place without hindrance for almost a quarter-century. The incoming Japanese had proved too much for Mrs. Hanks; a diabetic with a heart condition, she had died two weeks after being put in a prison compound at Palembang. Two of her girls, abused and degraded by Japanese officers, had committed suicide in the Palembang camp. Dr. Yamamoto had requisitioned all of the surviving harlots for his own secret project.

Anyi Ferguson, the illegitimate daughter

of a Malayan girl and a Scottish seaman, stood looking up at Yamamoto and Takakua with glittering eyes.

Takakua said, "You, Anyi, go into the cabin."

"You go to hell!" Anyi spat back. She knew about Ito Takakua. His brutality had driven one of Anyi's friends, Millie Coates, to suicide in the Palembang camp.

Emboldened by her defiance, the other girls glared at the Japanese officers and made ribald remarks. Thelma Merton, a buxom red-head who was almost 30, yelled, "Get us out of the rain, you bastards. My hair dye is running."

The other girls snickered but one woman—seated apart from them and nursing a baby—mumbled, "Please, my child will die out here. Can't I bring him inside?" She was Mrs. Robert Burdick, wife of a British customs inspector. Burdick had died of dysentery the previous month.

"Let me see the child." Dr. Yamamoto roughly seized the infant from the reluctant mother and scrutinized the wizened, red face. He thrust it back contemptuously at Mrs. Burdick. "A fever, that is all. There is no room for infants in the cabin. Life is going to be hard from now on, woman, a child must be strong to survive. The world is no place for weaklings."

An American sat nearby, huddled in a rubber poncho. He glared at the doctor and stood up. A rangy man with thinning blond hair, his name was Peter Starnes, aged 27, in excellent health despite four months' captivity. He towered over Yamamoto and Major Takakua. Starnes had been employed for three years as an accountant in the Singapore office of Forbes & Thackery, Exporters, prior to his capture.

He stepped forward and said to Takakua: "You louse, I've heard enough about you to hang you when the war is over—if you're not killed before then. I think I'll do it myself right now—"

THE little officer stabbed his riding crop at the American, who swerved but not in time to avoid a jagged gash in the fleshy part of his right arm.

Waving his weapon triumphantly, the major said, "Think twice before you make any threats. You will die much sooner if you don't."

Already three soldiers, pistols drawn, had encircled the tall American. Disregarding them, one of the girls tore off part of her rain-soaked skirt and tied it around Starnes's bleeding arm.

Major Takakua was cocky now. He swaggered over to Anyi Ferguson and tickled her neck with the bloody tip of the riding crop.

"I said for you to go into the cabin, girl. It is not my habit to give orders twice. Are you coming?"

The girl sullenly smoothed her soaked dress, and Takakua's dull eyes came to life as he studied her figure. Even though she was disheveled and drenched, she still was a beauty. Her wet clothes clung to her like gauze and revealed generous breasts, a slim waist and shapely legs.

Dr. Yamamoto, who had been staring at her, said in a low tone, "I have no wish to interfere with your pleasure, Major. But I am the ranking officer on this ship. I believe I should have the privilege of interviewing this young woman first."

TAKAKUA was no fool. He saluted and said respectfully, "Of course, sir, I forgot myself."

The trip to Kuching took ten days, during which the prisoners either shivered and coughed in rain or panted in the deadly heat. The Japs doled out limed rice and tinned fishballs, just enough to make the passengers beg for more.

At Jesselton, a crane swung several large wooden crates aboard the *Takata Maru*. Dr. Yamamoto stood on the deck eagerly checking the cargo manifest. He said exultantly to the captain, "These are medical supplies and scientific equipment. An operating table, violet ray lamps, surgical instruments, special electrical equipment from Germany, freezing units, and many other items. All for my studies!"

At Labuan wharf, the prisoners were allowed to stretch their legs for the first time. No sooner had she walked off the gangplank than Mrs. Burdick, whose child had died two days previously, raced screaming along the quay heedless of warnings to stop. Bullets riddled her emaciated body and she toppled into the shallow water. The corpse floated there until Father Saveria, an Italian missionary who had been allowed to remain at his post, was given permission to retrieve and bury it.

The *Takata Maru* finally crept into the Sarawak River at 6 A.M. on Thursday, July 26. Kuching lies 22 miles up-river, and its huge prison camp was three miles outside the city.

Japanese civilians and soldiers thronged the once gay city. Munitions, supplies, and building materials were shipped there from Kuching, the Borneo center for all Allied prisoners of war and internees.

Colonel Suga, the camp commander, met Dr. Yamamoto at Batu Lintang, the internment center. Suga was a moon-faced man whose hobby was collecting butterflies and old pistols. He was a regular army man and disliked Yamamoto, who had equal rank,

for Yamamoto was a physician, not a soldier, and didn't know a howitzer from a land mine.

"Batu Lintang is composed of eight separate camps, Doctor," Suga sold him stiffly. "Each of my camps is rigidly separated from the others. I insist on no contact or communication between prisoners. There are 3,000 inmates here. You will have Compound No. 8 and are to be left completely alone with your prisoners. I don't know what you intend to do and I don't want to know. I am a soldier, not a scientist. But Tokyo has ordered it and I shall cooperate."

He saluted, Yamamoto returned the salute, and a lieutenant provided more information about Batu Lintang. The doctor learned that the prisoners were from many lands: Dutch officers, British soldiers, Indonesians, Australian officers, a sprinkling of Americans, and 140 Dutch and English nuns. They were marched out to the camp.

Yamamoto's personal servant was Sergeant Fujo Sabura, a tall, strong, simple-minded peasant from Hokkaido. It gave Dr. Yamamoto a feeling of power to order the big man around.

Sergeant Sabura's first order to the prisoners was that they would have to make their own clothes. The men fashioned ragged shorts out of their torn and holey trousers. The women used scraps of frocks, flour bags and gunnysacks to create garments which revealed more flesh than they concealed.

ONE week after they had settled down in Compound No. 8, a transport plane arrived at a nearby airdrome and a motorcyclist brought a large carton to Dr. Yamamoto. The markings on the carton were in German script; the heavy package was from Professor August Hirt of the Anatomical Institute in Strasbourg.

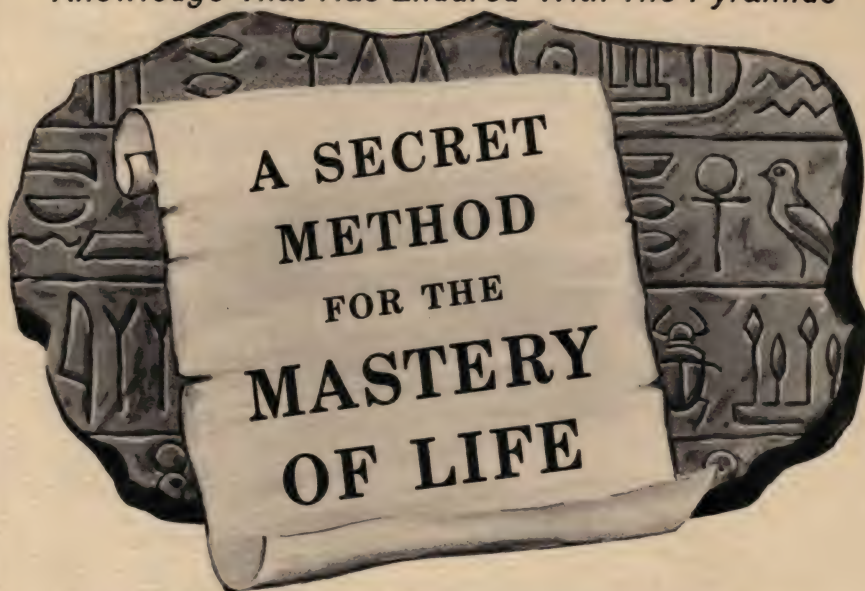
The carton contained seven human skulls in hermetically-sealed cans, each accompanied by a typed card which gave full details of the dead individual's age, sex, race, height, body structure, occupation, diseases and other information. Inside the carton was a letter from Dr. Hirt:

"Dear Colleague: I am pleased to know of your medical experimentation which will be patterned along National Socialist lines. Your visit here four years ago is well-remembered and I hope, after our fatherlands are victorious, that we may again get together and personally exchange observations and findings.

"The enclosed skulls were provided by my invaluable colleague, Wolfram Sievers, executive secretary of the Ahnenerbe (Reich Institute for Research into Heredity), who has his own efficient ways of obtaining them. These specimens come from the Natzweiler concentration camp, but Sievers has promised me a far greater selection from Auschwitz, Mauthausen, and Dachau."

(Sievers, a former bookseller, rose to colonel in the S.S. and headed 50 "research branches" of his Institute for Research into Heredity, which made extensive anthropological study of Poles, Frenchmen, Russians and Dutch prisoners before they were exterminated in gas chambers. Like many other Nazi pseudo-scientists, Sievers kept a meticulous diary. This record of medical torture and thousands of deaths contributed to his being hanged as a war criminal following his testimony at Nuremberg after the

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war. Six of his letters scornfully mentioned the work of Dr. Yamamoto, who had sent to Germany periodic reports of his own experiments.)

The other prisoners at Batu Lintang were curious about what was going on in Compound No. 8. But Major Takakua was an efficient security chief who knew how to keep his own inmates from any contact with other sections of the vast prison camp.

No notes were smuggled in or out of Compound No. 8. Fierce German shepherd dogs patrolled the area's perimeter day and night. The barbed-wire fence was electrified. One prisoner, Max Angell, a 60-year-old college professor from Singapore, was instantly burned to death one night when he accidentally fell against the wire.

The weather was so hot that sap bubbled as it ran from trees. Each prisoner received one quart of warm, brackish water a day. Peter Starnes, because of his fair skin, suffered pitiful agony from sunburn. One of the girls made him a shirt from a collection of cloth scraps donated by the other women. After that, his red and scabby back healed and Starnes was deeply grateful.

From a small out-building one day came a persistent hum, as if a powerful electric motor had been switched on. Protruding from the corrugated tin roof were two vent pipes, from which vapor issued.

The prisoners speculated on what was in the shed. "I'd guess it is a refrigerating or ice-making machine," was Starnes's opinion. "That isn't smoke; it's vapor or condensation."

The other men disagreed but a day later a soldier, known as "Hungry Henry" because he seemed always to be eating, emerged from the shed sucking a large chunk of ice. Ice in Batu Lintang! It was incredible but true. Respectful now, one of the prisoners asked Starnes, "Why an ice machine? Surely they're not going to serve us cold drinks." He smiled bitterly.

Starnes's reply was grim. "Wait and see. Whatever they're planning isn't good."

In his office, Dr. Yamamoto studied a letter from Professor Hirt. It had been translated into Japanese but Yamamoto was still puzzled by certain technical details. The letter described experiments in icy water and in snow, performed by Nazi scientists on naked men, women and children.

THE Japanese physician also read a special report from Dr. Sigmund Rascher of Dortmund, who originated the "cold studies," as Professor Hirt called the experiments.

The next morning the inmates of Compound No. 8 buzzed with disturbing news. During the night Major Takakua and two soldiers had entered the women's barracks and forced red-haired Thelma Merton to accompany them to Yamamoto's office.

Now the Merton woman had been gone for nine hours and her friends were worried. Around noon they heard a shrill cry from the shed housing the ice-making equipment. The women turned pale. Starnes asked a Japanese guard what was going on, but the man raised his rifle threateningly and refused to speak.

Dr. Yamamoto left his office at six that evening. As he passed the male prisoners' barracks, a sheet of yellow paper fluttered from his pocket to the ground. The physician failed to notice it. When he was certain he

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was unobserved, Starnes crept from the hut and quickly brought it back.

In the barracks he saw that it was a carbon copy of a clinical report. Jim Baxter, who had worked in the Singapore Stock Exchange and knew some Japanese, offered to translate.

The sheet read: "Immersed Prisoner 557 (Surname: Merton) in water in full flying uniform with hood. Life jacket prevented sinking. Experiments conducted at water temperature between 36.5 and 42 degrees Fahrenheit. In initial test series, back of woman's head and brain stem remained above water. In subsequent series, back of neck and cerebellum were submerged. Recorded electrically temperatures as low as 74 degrees in stomach and 79.7 in rectum.

"Dr. Hirt wrote me that death invariably occurs when medulla and cerebellum are chilled for more than three hours. Subject died at 5:23 P.M. Autopsy may indicate importance of developing heated head-and-neck protectors for foam flying suits."

Starnes told the men, "Thelma is dead. Others are going to die here. That's why they brought us to Batu Lintang."

INFREQUENTLY, Red Cross food packages arrived at the camp. On the rare occasions when the Japs permitted the tinned food to be distributed to prisoners, Starnes told the men, "Eat little, save as much food as you can! We may need it for barter purposes. I have an idea 'Hungry Henry' can be bribed."

Henry spoke pidgin English and he jabbered angrily when Starnes asked if he

would trade information for food. But when the American showed him a tin of soluble coffee reinforced with dextrose and maltose, a jar of grape jelly, plus a package of lump sugar, the soldier snatched at the food containers.

"I tell you what I know," he whispered. "See me one hour near Gate B. I tell you things."

STARNES hurried to Gate B at the appointed time. There, Hungry Henry thrust a shovel in his hands, ordering him to dig post-holes. As Starnes toiled in the sun, the Jap guard muttered a description of the technical equipment he had seen in the Off-Limits buildings.

One small building had been stripped of everything and was sealed with rubber gas-kets around windows and door sills. Starnes figured this would be a chamber for experimentation with deadly gases. Another room was bare except for a chair with a metal head-rest, electrodes for arms and legs, and leather thongs to encircle the sitter's torso.

"It must be a kind of electric chair," the Yank later told the other men. "Yamamoto will record a subject's breathing, skin temperature and emotional reactions as the current is turned progressively higher."

The Japanese guard also described a cabinet containing rows of bottles and test tubes. He said he had overheard Yamamoto talking to one of his assistants, young Lieutenant Kobi, who had been an osteopath in Nagasaki. "The colonel spoke of jaundice and typhus."

That night, as Starnes recounted what he

had learned, the men discussed their probable fate. At this stage of the war, only a trickle of information about experiments on humans had filtered out of Nazi Germany. But enough was known about the hideous activities in Hitler's concentration camps to give the inmates of Compound No. 8 many anguished hours of speculation on what awaited them.

Anyi had become the mistress of Major Takakua after he had persuaded Yamamoto to part with her. The Jap officer presented her with two laying hens which he had taken from a farmer. Anyi watched the chickens like a proud mother. Whenever they laid an egg, she gave it to one of the women. Her closeness to Takakua also made her an excellent source of information.

Takakua was a heavy drinker. Once, when he was very drunk, he told Anyi: "The only smart thing Yamamoto ever did was to round up you brothel women and bring you here. We call such women 'trouble girls' back in Tokyo. Yamamoto pretends to be pure and high-minded, but he would like to have more to do with you women. Instead, he reads books, experiments on people, and writes reports to his friends in Germany."

One of the prostitutes was a 22-year-old girl of mixed parentage named Bernice Pei. She had had a one-year-old child back in Port Dickson which had been bayoneted by Nipponese soldiers and thrown in the sea. This terrible memory, plus her imprisonment at Batu Lintang, had driven her insane. Now she sat all day in the sun, pretending to rock a baby and cooing lullabies to it.

Bernice Pei was the first prisoner to be used in measuring human resistance to electric current. Trustingly, she permitted herself to be led into the room where Yamamoto's improvised electric chair stood.

THE doctor beamed and told his aide, Dr. Kobi, "It is not my intention to kill her with electricity. She was chosen because she should be less sensitive to pain. From her we will learn if ignorant or imbecilic people suffer more than normal, intelligent ones."

But Yamamoto's assistant had made a mistake setting the rheostat controls on the electric chair. Within five minutes after the electrodes were clamped to her flesh, Bernice Pei's head was quivering and snapping convulsively as smoke began to curl from the electrodes.

Although she was dead the Japanese doctor didn't realize it and continued to turn up the voltage. Finally the chair and the dead woman burst into flame and Yamamoto's aides had to extinguish the fire with chemicals.

Bernice's charred remains were buried in a deep hole dug by two male prisoners. Peter Starnes was one of the men ordered to serve as a grave-digger. His face was pale and his skin was cold though the sun was blazing and he was stripped to the waist.

A week later Starnes, two other men and several girls were taken into the compound. They were marched past barbed wire where they saw Dr. Yamamoto preparing to give a needle to a girl from another barracks. Enraged, Starnes slugged a guard before he was subdued. For some unexplained reason, he wasn't punished.

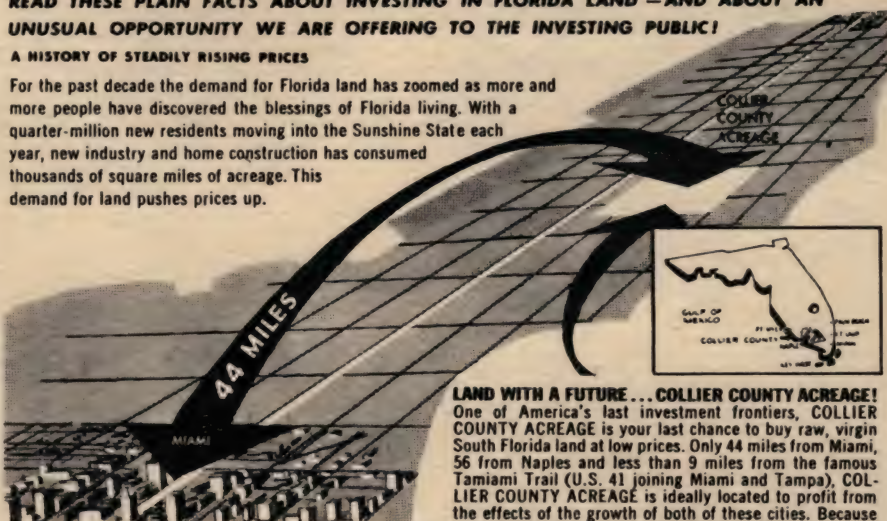
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"I don't see how they can afford it—that's the third orgy they've had this week!"

passport turned up in Kuching. He was driven to Batu Lintang and taken at once to the office of Dr. Yamamoto.

This man called himself Otto Grundel and said he came from Zurich. But he gave Yamamoto a letter from Professor Hirt which identified him as Dr. Adolf Pokorny, a colleague for whom Hirt had a high respect.

"Pokorny is a genius," Hirt had written to Yamamoto. "He has developed a chemical method whereby we can sterilize lesser races, keep them alive for labor, yet avoid the propagation of inferior beings. He uses the plant *Caladium seguinum*, which induces lasting sterility. I have sent him to aid you in using the newest advances in Reich medicine."

DR. ADOLF Pokorny wore his hair in a cowlick in emulation of the other Adolf who ruled Nazi Germany. He was proud of his tooth-brush mustache and smiled thinly when the Japanese commented politely on his resemblance to the Fuehrer.

But Pokorny was something Yamamoto wasn't: an able scientist and a man devoid of feeling. He was cold and cutting in his remarks about the inadequacy of Yamamoto's research.

"We Axis scientists are partners now," he said. "The war has made us work together. It is presumed that you will accept my recommendations and carry them out, Dr. Yamamoto. The first thing is to develop order here and to increase greatly the number of experiments on your prisoners."

Yamamoto bowed to the German but his heart wasn't in it. Already he felt unneeded and merely tolerated. He wished that Dr. Hirt had kept Pokorny at home. But Pokorny saw to it that the experiments increased, especially with disease inoculations.

Dr. Pokorny brought with him color photographs of the medical experiments performed in the Nazi camps. He took a perverse pleasure in showing them to Yamamoto and his staff, commenting, "This is the way we do it in the Reich. You can learn something from us. For instance, study these photos of women in a decompression chamber. They were photographed at Dachau. That naked woman in the steel cylinder is in a simulated altitude of 100,000 feet. Note that blood has started to run from her ears."

Dr. Pokorny was not one to let feminine beauty interfere with his worship of eugenics. He showed disgust when he learned that Anyi was of mixed ancestry.

"Why are you angry because she is half Asian?" Dr. Yamamoto asked. "After all, we Japanese are not white. Yet we are your allies and you say the Germans are our friends."

Pokorny answered smoothly, "That is different, Doctor. The Japanese are our partners. But this girl Anyi is a mongrel, racially speaking. I strongly urge that she be the next subject of our experiments. You have been much too lenient in permitting her special privileges as Major Takakua's companion."

Dr. Yamamoto welcomed this advice. On several occasions, Anyi had spat in his face when he had made advances to her. But Major Takakua had defended the girl, reminding Yamamoto that Takakua's security force was all that kept the physician from being torn to pieces by the infuriated men in Compound No. 8. Let the Major argue with Pokorny, if he dare.

So Yamamoto said to the Nazi, "I believe you are right. We must not let sentiment interfere with the progress of science. I am interested in testing your Cyklon B gas. In fact, it may be necessary for us to create extermination centers similar to those in the Reich. I believe that it is time for Miss Anyi Ferguson to give up pleasure in order to serve our nations."

HUNGRY Henry repeated the news to Starnes a few days later. "They are going to use gas room. Dr. Yamamoto and German checking place tomorrow night. Then the girl Anyi will go there Saturday. Major Takakua not object now or he go to court-martial."

"The Nazi means business," Starnes told the men.

Oliver Fretus, a Malayan planter, asked: "Is there anything we can do, Peter? If Anyi dies, there's no hope for any of us. It will have a disastrous effect on the other women."

Starnes said, "Look, I have a plan. We'll need Hungry Henry's cooperation. I want you to fill a blanket with everything you've got—watches, rings, fountain pens, food. Everything!"

Without asking for an explanation, the

men complied. Soon Starnes had a blanket-load of treasures. "Let Hungry Henry see this loot. He'd sell out the Emperor to get it."

WHILE he and other men were weeding sago acres near the camp, Starnes whispered to the Japanese guard that he had a great treasure for him. Hungry Henry accompanied him into the barracks and goggled at the assortment of gifts in the blanket. Then he asked suspiciously, "What you want for these?"

"Here is some ground-up skin of the sago root," Starnes said, handing him a tiny cloth-wrapped parcel. "Sprinkle some in Sergeant Sabura's food this noon. It will not kill him but he will be quite sick. After he is unconscious, I want you to bring me his spare uniform. I know you can steal it—you have keys to the closets and barracks."

After he had eaten the poisoned food, Sergeant Sabura was checked by a doctor then sent to his bunk to sleep off the effects of the sago. At seven that evening, Hungry Henry met Starnes behind the latrine and handed him Sabura's uniform. Starnes stripped off his own tattered garments and quickly put on Sabura's shirt and tunic. Even the hat fitted his head.

At eight o'clock Dr. Yamamoto, Takakua, Pokorny, and a Japanese soldier drew up in a staff car.

Starnes watched from the shadows of an adjoining building. He saw Yamamoto hand a set of keys to the Jap soldier who had replaced Sabura as Yamamoto's aide. The man opened the door of the gas room then stood aside as his three superiors walked inside. As soon as they were in, the soldier

locked the door and assumed a guard position, his rifle at his side.

After a moment, Starnes took a deep breath and strode from the shadows, praying the guard wouldn't distinguish his Western features beneath Sabura's hat. As he drew close, the guard raised a hand to salute. Then his eyes opened wide in recognition. But it was too late. Starnes moved swiftly, driving a fist into the Jap's belly and chopping a hard right to his chin as he slumped forward.

Making certain the guard was unconscious, the American unlocked the door and cautiously stepped inside. He smiled as he saw the three Axis men just disappearing through the heavy metal door of the gas chamber; they had not heard him enter. He walked quietly across the room.

Starnes observed that the metal wheel which released the gas was located on the outside of the structure. Another wheel locked the door from outside. Moving to the door he seized the lock-wheel, spun it until it would turn no more. The chamber was sealed like a bank vault.

THROUGH the reinforced walls, Starnes could hear the men shouting. But the sounds of terror were muffled by thick wood and metal. He grasped the gas-valve wheel. It had just been installed and took considerable physical effort to budge it. . . Starnes cursed and strained. . . it seemed to be stuck. After one mighty heave, the wheel loosened and Starnes heard the faint hiss of Cyklon B as the gas flooded through ceiling pipes, blanketing the airless, windowless little room.

After the bodies of the two Japanese

officers and their German guest were found, there was an official investigation but nothing came of it. The guard Starnes had knocked out was listed as "Killed in the course of duty." Japanese security had to keep its record clean both for Tokyo and Berlin investigators.

COLONEL Suga said in his report to Tokyo: "It is the judgment of my investigating committee that the wind unfortunately blew the door shut, thus trapping Dr. Yamamoto and the others in the gas experimentation chamber. The three men trapped in it unfortunately suffocated to death before the accident was discovered."

"However, in view of the difficulties encountered here and the lack of progress made by the late Dr. Yamamoto, it is my suggestion that such medical experimentation either be halted or transferred to another camp where facilities are more suitable."

Colonel Suga's report and his recommendations were accepted. With the death of Yamamoto, Nazi-type medical torture ceased at Batu Lintang.

Starnes, five other men, and 15 women from Compound No. 8 were still alive when the 9th Australian Army Division and men of the US Navy liberated Kuching on September 11, 1945.

When the war ended Peter Starnes married an Australian nurse and settled down in Brisbane, where he has a busy practice as a chartered accountant. Once a year, he happily sends a gift of food delicacies to Hungry Henry, who is now a bus driver in Yokohama. They are both glad about the way things turned out.

END

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Exotic Woman Village

Continued from page 36

jungle. But mostly he cursed himself for having come to Africa. He had wanted adventure, and he'd found it. He was up to his ears in a Bassa rebellion against the French administrators of Cameroun.

Tex Tullis, a 32-year-old graduate of the Nebraska College of Agriculture, was the son of a rancher. He taught in an agriculture school for a while, and came to Africa for one simple reason—teaching school in rural Nebraska did not excite him. In August, 1956, he signed up, via the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture's Point Four program, as a farmer advisor to the Bassa tribesmen of Cameroun.

HE arrived in Yaoundé, capital of Cameroun, on August 8, 1956. A serious-faced, glasses-wearing young native, who immediately explained that he was "not one of the uncivilized," drove him in a decrepit Renault to the Cameroun Administration Building, arrogantly honking his way through the goats, dogs, pigs, burros and citizens who packed Yaoundé's narrow streets.

An hour later Tex was being briefed by the Director of Agricultural Development, Jacques Clerand, a likable young Frenchman who said, "You will be assigned to the Rei-Bouba region. Your job will not be easy. The natives, called Bassas, are a primitive people who farm by ancient methods. They resent attempts to improve their miserable lot. The first man we sent there, he suffered a little calamity. It illustrates their resentment."

"What kind of calamity?" Tex asked worriedly.

"He was buried in the earth so that only his head was above the ground. Then honey was poured upon it. The ants . . ." Clerand said, averting Tex's eyes, ". . . were unkind. It was neither pleasant nor swift, the way Monsieur Pontier died."

Clerand, observing that Tex's enthusiasm was rapidly evaporating, hurriedly added, "It was Pontier's own fault that he died. With a whip, sometimes, he tried to teach Bassas the ways of modern farming. A man who treats the Bassas with understanding will have no trouble. This I swear is the truth."

The next morning Clerand, a former French Army pilot, flew Tex to Rei-Bouba, a tiny native village in the interior.

A horde of natives immediately gathered around the plane. Tex observed with great relief that they were smiling. Speaking understandable French, they greeted Clerand warmly; it was obvious that they liked and respected him.

Then Clerand held up a hand, silencing the natives. "This man," he said, nodding toward Tex, "has come to help you. He replaces Monsieur Pontier."

The natives stared at Tex. The expressions of a few were hostile. Some were sullen. But most patiently waited for Tex to speak, knowing that they would understand immediately what kind of man he was.

Tex gave no speech. Instead, he said briefly, "If you will allow me, I will show you how to raise more crops and fatter animals. These will buy better homes, clothe your children better—and educate them." Then he added firmly, "I will punish no man for refusing to employ my ways."

There was disbelief and suspicion in the natives' eyes and Clerand whispered to Tex, "Do not be dismayed. It will take a while to gain the confidence of these backward ones."

Then Clerand introduced Tex to the village head man, an intelligent-looking middle-aged man named Joseph Mboma. He shook hands politely and said, "Come, Monsieur Tullis, your quarters await you." He shouted to two young men. They shouldered Tex's gear.

A few moments later Tex, Clerand, Mboma and the gear-bearers were in a two-room concrete-walled structure. One room was a stockroom for veterinary medicines, insecticides and chemical fertilizers. The other room was a combination kitchen and sleeping quarters.

TEX was pleased. He had not anticipated such comfortable accommodations. Then Mboma and the gear-bearers went out the door. In a few minutes Mboma was back. "Come," he said, "and select your woman." "Woman?" Tex said. "What woman?"

"The one to prepare your food, cleanse your house, wash your garments and comfort you at night," Mboma replied. "Come!"

Tex turned questioningly to Clerand.

"It is the custom," Clerand said, shrugging his shoulders. "You would be off to a bad start to refuse."

"What else is the custom . . . that you have conveniently forgotten to mention?" Tex said angrily.

Clerand, grinning, said, "Withhold your opinion, my American friend, until you see the women. Or better, until you have slept with one."

Tex and Clerand followed Mboma out of the house. Seven giggling, scantily clad young women were standing outside the door. "Examine them," Mboma ordered, "and select the one you want. They are . . ." he added proudly, ". . . my prettiest daughters."

Tex stared at the girls. The Bassas have almost Caucasian features; their young women are beautiful in a sensual, primitive way. Suddenly convinced that a native house-keeper would be a fine thing, Tex looked into each girl's face—and at her figure. A few moments later he stopped before one of the girls. "This one," he said to Mboma.

She ran into the house and Mboma motioned for the other girls to go away. Mumbling unhappily, they strode down the village street. Then Mboma said, "You chose well, Monsieur Tullis. Sembi is the first issue of my youngest wife. Like her mother, she will be consoling."

Clerand flew back to Yaoundé an hour later, after promising to make monthly calls at Rei-Bouba. Then Tex, feeling terribly lonely and uncertain and a little scared, unpacked his gear. One box contained two 10-gauge shotguns, a .375 magnum rifle, a French army automatic pistol and boxes of ammo for each of these weapons. Tex put one of the shotguns in the stockroom, the rifle and other 10-gauge in his living quarters. He wrapped the pistol's belt around his waist.

In the meantime Sembi hung his garments on hangers and put them in a closet. Then she went out of the house, returning minutes later, her arms laden with bananas, mangoes, and a hunk of blood-dripping meat. She prepared a meal and placed it on the table.

She watched anxiously while Tex ate. When he finished he lay on the couch, for it was midday—the time of inactivity in Equatorial Africa. Sembi removed his shoes. Then she stood over him, fanning him with a huge palm frond. He dozed off. When he awoke Sembi put on his shoes. Then she brought him a glass of water.

Tex went out of the house. He stood in its shade, looking over the village. The huts, grass-walled and thatched with fronds, appeared as though they would soon collapse. The street which wandered between the huts was filled with pigs, goats and children.

He strolled toward one of the fields in which natives were working. He stopped now and then to pick up a handful of soil. It was rich, black loam—the kind that would delight any farmer.

TEX came to the natives. Some were scratching the earth with crude, forked-limb plows dragged by weary oxen. Others walked behind the plowmen, lackadaisically dropping seed corn into the shallow furrows. Still other natives, behind the seeders, half-heartedly kicked dirt over the seeds with their bare feet. Watching these primitive techniques, Tex was amazed that the natives could produce any crops at all.

Tex returned to the village. He asked a native which hut was Mboma's. When he came to it, Mboma invited him to enter. He did—but with open-mouthed amazement. The head man's hut was floored with polished human skulls set side by side, like huge cobblestones.

"Why," Tex asked, "don't your people use the iron plows and the seeding machines?" These machines were on the out-

skirts of the village, were in perfect condition.

Mboma—mission-school educated, intelligent and reasonable—pointed to his hut's floor. "These," he said, "were men whom my father sacrificed to appease the gods. At least seven were white men. But we are Christians now and we do not make human sacrifices, though we do not follow all of the teachings of the black-robed men. You see," Mboma added, "our people are slow to adopt the white man's ways. As for the land, we have always considered it ours to farm as we wish. We do not like the white man's machines, not because they do not do their work well but because they are symbols of the white man's encroachment upon our way of life."

TEX explained that efficient planting, the use of insecticides, and the practice of crop rotation would assure greater harvests. He said that he wanted to instruct Mboma's men in these practices—and in elementary veterinary education.

"These things would help us," Mboma agreed, "but my people cling to the old ways. They will not change."

In the morning Tex conceived a plan. He would plant a corn crop himself. He would use insecticides on it. He would weed it. Then, when it was harvested, the natives could not fail to understand how they could benefit by duplicating his techniques.

The plan worked. Months later, on the day the harvest was completed, the native farmers stared in awe at his 1,400 bushels of corn. The next morning they came to Tex's house. "We are convinced," one of them said with a friendly smile. The other natives were smiling, too. "Will you teach us how

to raise such big yields?" their spokesman asked.

Life was pleasant for Tex throughout the following year. The natives were no longer sullen or hostile. Their crops—produced in rapid succession because the growing time is short in the tropics—quickly filled their storage huts. They began to talk of saving their money to buy metal quonsets to replace their thatched huts, which leaked during each rain. But on the morning of October 30, 1957, disaster struck that happy little village. About 5 A.M. Tex and Sembi were awakened by screams. They leaped out of bed and ran to the window.

They saw 18 or 20 strange Bassas. Their faces were streaked with white clay. They were running in and out of huts with blood-dripping machetes in their hands. One huge warrior was raping a young girl outside her hut. Beside her lay the decapitated body of her father and the gutted bodies of her three brothers.

As fast as he could pull the trigger of his 10-gauge, Tex fired shells into the bellies of the marauders. Each, practically disemboweled, died instantly. Before he could reload again the survivors of the murder-rape party were running across the fields toward the jungle.

TEX walked down the village street toward Mboma's hut. Women and children were bent over the bodies of their dead, weeping. The men were staring into the jungle, still stunned by the suddenness and violence of the attack.

"Who were they?" Tex asked wearily.

"Warriors of the *Union des populations de Cameroun*." Then Mboma explained that

about a month ago a witch doctor from one of the jungle tribes had come into Rei-Bouba. His name was Um Nyobe. He had invited Mboma to join a native political organization, "The Union of the People of Cameroun," whose goal was to drive out the French and establish a native government.

MBOMA had refused to join. Um Nyobe had replied angrily, "Then you and your people will be exterminated. This is our country and we are going to run it. Those who are loyal to the French will die with the French."

"Why didn't you tell me about this murderer's threats?" Tex asked sharply. "I could have notified the French officials."

"Because," Mboma replied frankly, "I did not believe him. I have heard others speak as he spoke—but until today nothing had come of it."

Tex said worriedly, "Do you think his men will come back?"

"They will be back. One of Nyobe's butchers left this attached to my hut." Mboma held out a hand. Within it was a huge, dead spider impaled on a nail. This, Mboma explained, meant that—according to the Bassas' animistic religion—Um Nyobe had established communion with the god of war, a gigantic spider.

Tex returned to his house, radioed Clerand and informed him of the attack. Clerand flew to Rei-Bouba to investigate the situation, accompanied by Colonel Soussons of the Cameroun Constabulary, M. Le Rossignol of the Department of Native Affairs, and a Jesuit priest, Père Armand, who said a requiem mass for the murdered villagers.

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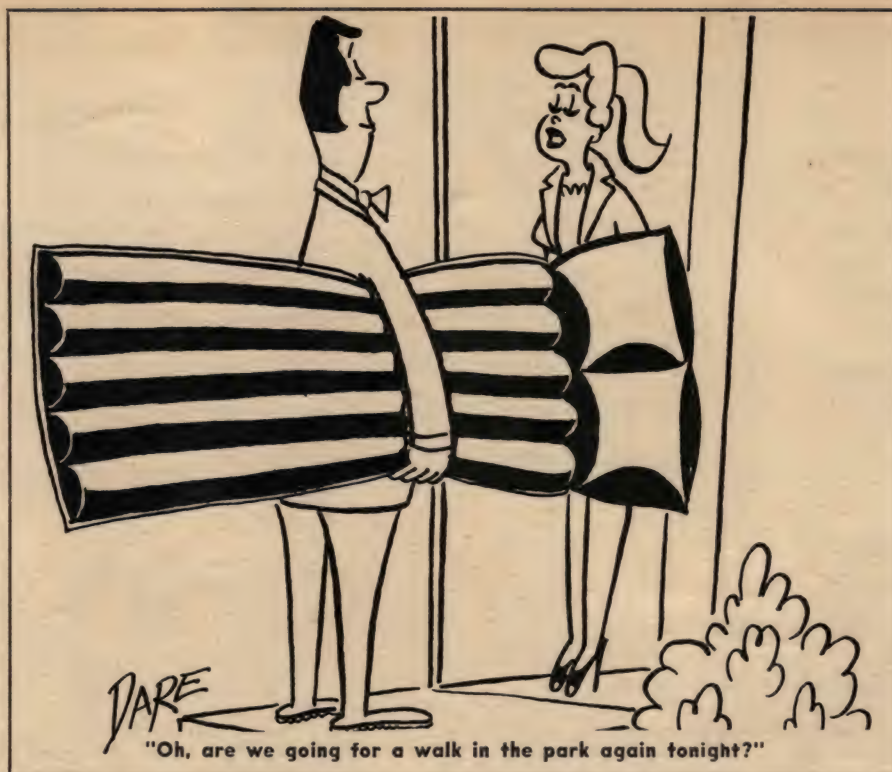
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After the funeral the officials went to Tex's house to discuss the attack. There, a message for Colonel Soussons came over Tex's radio. It said that reports had been received that seven other villages had been attacked. Soussons was urged to return to Yaoundé immediately to confer with top-level officials about the uprising.

"What about us?" Tex asked. "What if those barbarians attack again?"

"I will have some of my men here tomorrow," Colonel Soussons said.

"But what if they attack us tonight?"

"It is a risk you must assume."

"The hell it is!" Tex shot back bitterly.

HE demanded that soldiers be flown to the village today. There was still time, he said.

"Impossible!" Soussons said crisply. Then he and the other officials left for Clerand's plane, which took off minutes later.

Tex and Mboma encircled the village with sentries, to warn the villagers of their enemies' approach. But the night passed without incident. At sunup Tex looked over the fields surrounding the village. He could not see the sentries. Thinking they had returned to the village, he began to eat his breakfast. A few moments later Mboma ran into his house. "The sentries!" he said excitedly. "They have disappeared!"

Attacked men would have screamed—and there had been no screams during the night. So Tex said suspiciously, "Perhaps they thought it over and joined Um Nyobe's men."

"No! They have been captured!"

Sembi, who had been peering out a window, said, "Four of them are coming out of the jungle."

Tex grabbed his rifle. Then he and Mboma, accompanied by most of the villagers, ran toward the approaching men. They reached them a few moments later. Tears streamed down the faces of these men. They held up their hands. Tex and the villagers stared at them. The hands were without fingers.

Tex returned to his house. He radioed Clerand and reported this latest atrocity. "Where in hell are the soldiers?" he demanded.

"They are on their way," Clerand replied.

Within an hour a transport plane landed on the outskirts of the village. It was filled with native constables. Four climbed out. Then the plane flew away. The other constables, these four explained, were being flown to other harassed villages. In addition, forces were being organized to scour the jungles.

That night, on Tex's advice, the constables stationed themselves on the edges of the village. It would be foolhardy, Tex told them, to stand watch in the fields where, like the village sentries, they might be silently ambushed.

But the night passed peacefully. So did the next. And the next. A month went by. Then a transport plane landed and a French lieutenant explained to Tex and Mboma that he was taking the four constables to the Tibati region to join a jungle patrol. It was believed that Um Nyobe's army was bottled up in that area.

Another month passed. During the days the village men tended their crops—but only haphazardly. Tex, understanding their terror, did not attempt to lead them to work more efficiently. The daily radio reports from Yaoundé to the outpost stations did little to soothe his jittery nerves.

Then, the morning of Sunday, March 2, 1958—the massacre at Rei-Bouba.

AFTER the Bassa butchers had retreated, Tex and Sembi went out of the house, stepping over the shotgun-mutilated bodies of the warriors who had attempted to enter it. They went among the villagers. None were alive.

They went to Mboma's hut, where Sembi had to look at the hacked bodies of her parents. Weeping, she returned with Tex to the concrete house. Tex radioed Clerand. "Come and get us," he said, "and fast!"

Morning passed into afternoon. Clerand didn't arrive. He hadn't shown up by dusk. "We've got to get out of here before those zombies come back," Tex said nervously. "Do you know the trail to Garoua?"

Sembi knew the trail. When it became dark, Tex picked up a shotgun and slipped, with Sembi, into the corn field adjoining the village. The tall, heavily leafed stalks camouflaged their progress.

WHEN they reached the end of the field, Tex wanted to step out of it, intending to run across the cleared area between it and the jungle. Sembi pulled him back. She put a hand over his mouth. "Be very quiet," she whispered. "The butchers are coming."

They lay on their bellies, peering between stalks. Tex heard muffled voices. A moment later about 50 shadows came from the jungle, entered the corn field and crept toward the village. They passed so close that Tex could smell their bodies. After the last went by, Sembi whispered, "Crawl behind me—on your belly. There are others in the jungle."

Three nerve-racking minutes later Tex and his Bassa mistress came to the jungle. They crept along its edge, concealed by the shadows of its dense growth, for a half-hour. Then they came to a narrow trail. "This is the road that leads to Garoua," Sembi said.

They followed the trail through that night and the following morning, sleeping in banana clumps and drinking lime juice. They seemed to be safe.

Late that morning they were crossing a stream when four Bassas attacked from the shore. Tex drove them off and he and Sembi hurried into the jungle on the other side. They stopped to rest in a small grove.

Shortly before noon a spear whizzed at Tex; its blade plowed a shallow furrow across his cheek. Stunned, he leaped into a sword-grass clump. He burrowed into it and looked for Sembi. A spear had ripped through her chest, pinning her to the trunk of a cocoa tree. Her dead body hung grotesquely.

Minutes passed. Still shocked, Tex began to weigh his chances. There were but few ambushers out there, he reasoned, or he would have been attacked immediately. They would probably plan a diversion to draw his fire.

More minutes passed. Then a native began to crawl noisily through the foliage. Tex ignored him, squirming around in the opposite direction. In a moment he saw a slight movement there. Then two more.

Tex sighted on the slightly wavering grass in the lead. Then he fixed the other two movements in mind. He again focused on the first, pulled the trigger, then instantly swung the barrel to the second and third targets and fired. He spun on his belly and fired at the crawling Bassa on the opposite side.

WHEN he reloaded and got to his feet, he knew, without looking, that the Bassas were dead. A 10-gauge shotgun, steel-buck-shot-loaded and fired at close range, doesn't merely penetrate human bodies—it practically disintegrates them. He laid Sembi's body on the trail, picked up her shotgun and strode down the trail alone—and scared.

Five days later, however, he stumbled out—sweat-caked, filthy and dog-tired—and found a village a few hundred yards across a clearing. In French he asked a native the location of the local police. The native replied in English, "I do not understand, sah."

Tex, puzzled, said, "How come you speak English?"

"Everyone speaks English here, sah."

"Yeah?" Tex replied, deeply perplexed.

"What's the name of this town?"

"Yola, sah. Yola, British Nigeria."

Tex was flown to Yaoundé shortly after noon the following day. He went immediately to Clerand's office. "I've got just two things to say to you, Frenchie," he said to Clerand. There was no smile on his face. "First, why in hell didn't you come for me in Rei-Bouba, like you said you were going to do?"

REDDENING, Clerand mumbled, "My presence was required at an urgent but unanticipated conference with the officials of our constabulary. When this meeting terminated there was not time to fly to Rei-Bouba. It was already dark. I tried to radio you but there was no response. I assumed you had been killed."

Clerand hesitated a moment, his eyes avoiding Tex's angry gaze. "What is the second thing you wished to say?" he asked in a nervous tone.

"That you fork over my pay up to and including today. I've had it. I'm flying back to the States on the first plane. People keep their promises there."

Four days later Tex was in Dallas, USA. The date was March 14, 1958. Within a week he had secured a job as chief agronomist for a western alfalfa dehydrating firm, where he is still employed.

Of his experiences in Cameroun he says, "I've got just one pleasant memory of that whole screwball adventure—Sembi. You don't forget a woman like her."

END



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60-Day Survival

Continued from page 21

with the bitter, penetrating cold undermining our vitality, we often stayed in our sleeping bags 18 hours out of every 24, three white-covered hummocks like snow-covered graves.

For 23 days we suffered as no men should. The only food to pass our lips that entire time were four tiny pine squirrels and one small duck I was able to shoot.

Then our luck changed on November 15—Martin spotted a caribou within two hundred yards of us.

It was a wonder the animal didn't hear his gasp of surprise, as, hoarse with excitement, he pointed and said, "Emil, Emil, for God's sake, look!" and in the same breath he urged almost hysterically, "The gun, use the gun, quick!"

Sweat beaded on my forehead as I tried to line up the sights. The muzzle seemed to be weaving all over the forest. I was trembling so much I was deathly afraid I was going to miss my target.

SLOWLY I steadied and squeezed the trigger. I almost passed out with relief when the caribou dropped in its tracks, knocked out with the single shot. Like madmen, we struggled to where the thing lay, and Martin and I soon got ourselves in a bloody mess as we carved into the carcass.

By this date, Paddy's strength was failing fast.

We made soup as soon as we could, feeding it to him in the hope of building him up. But the nourishment had come too late, and Paddy's life slowly ebbed away.

Five days later Burke died in his sleeping bag as Martin and I stood helpless by his side, with only the faltering glow of our tiny camp fire casting its feeble light on the pitiful scene.

With what little strength we were able to muster, we fashioned a rough crib of wind-falls and branches. Then, placing Paddy's remains inside, with his sleeping bag as a shroud, Martin muttered a brief prayer, and we covered him up.

We realized that to stay where we were would probably mean finish for us as well, so we decided to try to make Junkers Lake, and maybe Wolf Lake if our luck held.

Before we got going, Martin slashed a blaze on a tree, and on the flat white surface he scrawled a message with burned stick-ends: "Paddy Burke died on November 20, at 6:30 P.M., cause, sickness from injury and lack of food, having been 23 days without same. Please pardon our poor efforts as we are in a sinking condition. Expect to leave here Saturday November 23, for Wolf Lake, following the Liard River until Caribou Creek. Hope we can make same. Snow very deep and no snowshoes. Bob Martin, Emil Kading."

Writing that note was a brave effort of Bob's, when he knew well enough that death was dogging our every footstep. It was typical of his nature, too, that he didn't mention that the two of us had also been

without food for the same 23 days.

We got going again, carrying our few belongings and as much of the caribou meat as possible. Our progress was slow because our physical ability did not match the strength of our intentions. The first three days we made under five miles, and then we folded up completely. It seemed the end of the trail had come for us, either by starvation or a frozen death, whichever came first.

It was while we were on the move during our final trek that the wonderful sound of a distant airplane engine came to our ears, and we yelled with excitement as we clumsily got a fire started to kick up a smoke. It was no go. Long before we could get a good blaze going, the throb of the motor had died away, and we stood there in pitiful dejection, with tear-filled eyes staring into an empty sky. Then we decided to use the half-burned branches and others we collected to form an SOS in the snow.

Winter hit the north early in the fall of 1930. It was the time of year when water-borne airplanes cannot operate with certainty and too early in the winter to allow the full use of ski-equipped aircraft. Weeks of inactivity sometimes pass during this season, which was particularly true in the early years of bush flying.

Paddy of course knew the risks involved in flying in the north. His wife understood the hazards almost as well, and we learned later when we failed to get back as planned, she had lost little time in notifying the company head office at Vancouver. But they did not take things too seriously at first, and there was a long delay before any solid search plans were put into effect.

One plane did set out from Vancouver on October 16, but as it had wheel undergear it soon got bogged down on a snow-covered northern lake, and the attempt to fly further was cancelled.

LAND Air Manufacturing then got in touch with an American airman named Derbrandt, of International Airways, Seattle, who was on his way from that city to Cordova, Alaska. He arrived at Atlin on October 26, and the several long air sweeps he made in the vicinity were the first ones made to look for us. Unfortunately, his efforts proved useless as he flew over areas hundreds of miles away from where we were located.

Derbrandt was soon obliged to abandon search efforts since numerous prospectors and trappers awaited him at various isolated points in Alaska, and their welfare, if not their lives, depended on their being picked up before final freeze-up set in.

Word that we were missing had reached the Seattle newspapers, and a prospector friend of Martin, named Sam Clerf, had arrived at that seaport just as the news broke. Sam, on his way home to San Francisco from a prospecting trip in the Yukon, was looking forward to seeing his

wife and a new-born son he had never seen.

When he learned that his friend and two others were missing in the wilds, he put aside his southern journey, chartered a plane from Alaska Airways at Seattle at his own expense, and set off north to look for us. The pilot was Pat Renahan, the engineer Frank Hatcher.

Everything went smoothly until they reached the small community of Butedale, well up the rugged coast of British Columbia. They hopped off from that point on November 4, heading for Prince Rupert, and from that moment they were never seen again.

Widespread sea-and-air search for them turned up only a wheel. Identified as from their machine, it had been washed ashore on an up-coast island, which seemed proof enough that the three brave men found a watery grave.

At long last the Air Land Manufacturing Company contacted the Tredwell Yukon Company, a flying concern at Whitehorse in the Yukon, that had one Fairchild airplane in service. The plane was named the *Claire*, and an American airman, Everett Wasson, was given the dangerous job of locating us.

His machine being float-equipped, the first thing he did was to fly to the Hudson's Bay Company Lower Post to learn if we had been there. When he arrived over the place ice conditions on the river made it impossible for him to try a landing, so he scribbled a note and dropped it to the post manager, who had come out at the sound of the plane's motor.

Wasson asked him to write on the snow if the Junkers had been there, and the reply was quickly stamped out: "Yes, Burke left here Oct. 11 for Teslin-Teslin." The last word was printed twice, but it should have read Atlin.

MANAGER Osborne had no idea he was giving wrong information, because it had always been Burke's procedure to fly back to Atlin by way of the small community of Teslin. Unknown to the Hudson's Bay man, the storms had forced Burke to change his route.

So days of vital effort were wasted by Wasson as he diligently searched hundreds of square miles of mountain wilderness far from where we waited.

Full freeze-up finally forced Wasson to quit, and he returned to Whitehorse to have the floats replaced by ski undergear.

Up to this time he had flown alone, but as the plane was being tuned up he enlisted the aid of Joe Walsh, who accompanied him on all further flights. He could not have chosen a better man: Walsh was one of the foremost big-game guides in the Yukon.

With full winter equipment aboard, they left Whitehorse on November 12, with the intention of making a systematic search of the terrain along the Liard, starting from the Lower Post. It was a formidable undertaking in such treacherous weather. The entire country is a vast upheaval of high mountain ranges and deep, forested valleys, and at that time was an unmapped wilderness. Coupled with that, sub-zero temperatures prevailed with dense snow storms a continuous menace.

The first indication of our location was learned by Wasson when he landed at a small Indian encampment at the confluence of the Liard and Frances Rivers. Natives there

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told of seeing "A big white swan" flying up-river weeks before. So the searchers knew they were on the right track, although still without knowledge if we had made a safe forced landing, or had crashed in the bush.

On November 24, and again on December 4, those two valiant men made complete return flights from the Liard post to the headwaters of the river. It had been on the first of those sweeps that Martin and I had heard the distant sound of their plane's engine.

As they were returning from the headwaters on December 4, Walsh spotted a peculiar shadow on the snow-covered river, now solidly frozen over. They went down to have a closer look, and the stranded Junkers was located at last.

Landing on the river was impossible as it was a tumbled mass of jagged ice hummocks, so the nearest place available was chosen—a frozen, snow-blanketed lake some 16 miles away.

Their tiring trek on snowshoes from the lake to the river through heavily timbered country brought disappointment until our note in the plane was found. Then they saw the message on the tree, which gave them the direction we had taken.

After a weary hike of 16 miles back to their Fairchild, the duo returned to Whitehorse to confer with authorities on the next move. They reasoned that we had probably reached an Indian reserve not far from Wolf Lake. Anxious to test out that theory, Wasson and Walsh took off again.

By now it was December 6, going on two months since the date we had first been marooned. It was a reasonably good flying day, but heavy cloud layers were draped across the mountain ranges, making it hazardous for the airmen to get over. As they searched for a suitable gap in the clouds, they spotted a wisp of smoke curling lazily from the treetops far below. "It's got to be them," Walsh said. "Who else could be out in this desolation at this time of the year?"

GLIDING down for a better look, they saw two men hurry from the bush to a clearing in the forest. Both were waving their arms in no uncertain manner. Wasson looked around at Walsh, yelling, "By God, we've found 'em at last."

Sweeping down to treetop level, Wasson headed directly over us, and as Walsh forced open the cabin door, he heaved out a box of food, brought along for the purpose. Believing it had dropped in deep snow where it might be hard to find, the circling airmen did an extraordinarily kind and generous thing. Wasson swung around, and as he again passed overhead, another box came hurtling down, to hit with a great welter of snow at the edge of the clearing. We found out later that, without any thought for their own welfare, Walsh had heaved out their only supply of food.

A brief note attached to the box said they would land on a frozen lake ten miles away and would backtrack to us from there.

While Martin and I broke open the box and indulged in delicious food for the first time in many weeks, Wasson had made a landing on the lake, and he and Walsh wasted no time in setting off in our direction. It was late in the afternoon when they started, and when darkness overtook them,

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they siwashed for the night. Siwashing means stopping right where you are when darkness or a blizzard overtakes you on the trail. It means camping without preparation of any kind, and you just make out the best way you can until you get ready to move forward again.

They were off again in the pre-dawn hour. But when daylight reached the gloom of the forest, they realized that in their hurry to reach us they had completely overshot our location.

Slowly backtracking, and shouting as they came, they heard the nearby cracks of a rifle fired twice in quick succession.

Minutes later they emerged from the brush. Seeing only two bewhiskered scarecrows as he quickly took in the scene, Wasson's first words were, "Where's Paddy?"

We briefly told them about Burke's fall and how he had died.

As we crouched around a bright fire that night, eating and talking over all that had happened, Wasson asked me, "How come you only fired two shots just before we found you?" I knew he was thinking the traditional S.O.S. signal is to fire three quick shots.

"I know I should've fired three," I told him. "But I only had those two shells left!"

The four of us smiled and exchanged meaningful glances.

Two days went by before Martin and I were ready to try walking to the plane. By then Walsh had fashioned a rough pair of skis for himself from a couple of small saplings, giving his own snowshoes to me. Martin got another pair they had brought with them.

THE trek to the lake was a tough effort for Martin and myself. It was December 10 before the airplane came into view. Even then we had trouble. The radial engine of their Fairchild was air-cooled when in operation. As it had been sitting in zero temperatures for almost a week, it was mighty well cooled off by the time we got there.

Several hours of effort by Wasson and Walsh went into its starting, and they had to use a gasoline blow torch before it finally broke into welcome song.

Once that was accomplished, we were soon airborne and heading for Whitehorse, arriving just before darkness set in.

Accompanied by Walsh and Sergeant Leopold of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Wasson flew back to the Liard to fetch out Paddy's remains. With the return of the *Claire* on December 19, the first air search and rescue to take place in the high northwest became history.

For sheer heroism and tenacity of purpose, the efforts of Wasson and Walsh have never been surpassed in the long list of northern air rescues which have since taken place.

One bright aspect of the episode was the splendid recognition the searching airmen received from the Canadian Federal and British Columbia Provincial governments. The two official sources combined in awarding Wasson a check for \$1,000, and one for \$500 to Walsh.

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40,000 People Buried Alive!

Continued from page 27

girders plunging from hangar roofs smashed two squadrons of Wapiti biplanes to junk.

South of the European sector, the congested native bazaar district had been quiet, its white mosques gleaming in the pale light of a new moon. It was the last night of May, warm enough for the beggars to sleep in the streets and market places. Only the mules, goats, and other tethered livestock were oddly restless.

Then with a terrifying roar the ground convulsed, shook the entire native quarter to pieces. Lofty minarets swayed, toppled, crashed on the heaving earth. A vast cloud of rubble dust rose slowly, fires flared, and as the noise of the quake died in a clatter of falling masonry, a bone-chilling chorus of wails and shrieks took its place.

AROUND the world, seismograph needles jittered, and at Calcutta University, 1,500 miles from Quetta, the needle jumped to the edge of the instrument. One of the century's biggest earthquakes had occurred, yet at first nobody outside Quetta knew just where. Communication lines were cut, Quetta's radio transmitting station demolished, and the nearest major city, Karachi, was 500 miles away. No one beyond the range of mountain peaks surrounding Quetta knew that the largest garrison town in the British Empire had been obliterated and most of its population wiped out in 30 shock-filled seconds.

Sir Norman Cater, chief district administrator, staggered from the battered Government Residence. He had turned in late that night after supervising civic arrangements for King George's birthday celebration scheduled for the following day, and attending an elegant party at the swank Quetta Club, an exclusive establishment complete with ballroom, swimming pool and polo field. Throughout the night, the clear air of the 6,000-foot-high valley had echoed to the clink of champagne glasses.

Now, anxiously wondering how many of the guests had survived, Cater checked his phone, found it dead, and sprinted across the spacious lawn to the ornate Residency Gate-way.

It was a mound of shattered stonework. Cater could glimpse the mangled corpses of his two Gurkha sentries beneath it.

He met Doctor Henry Holland, a stocky weather-beaten veteran of 30 years on the Northwest Frontier. "The Civil Hospital's flattened." The doctor's voice trembled. "With 200 patients and all my equipment under it."

"Rescue squads must be organized at once," Cater told him.

Holland gestured at the shapeless ruins stretching away into the darkness. "What are you going to use for people?"

Cater found a staff car intact and, accom-

panied by Holland, drove into the main city. They didn't get very far in the debris-choked streets, so they left the car, hauled half-a-dozen bloodied humans to safety, closed their ears to the torturing cries from those still under the rubble, and clambered over it to reach Police Headquarters.

Once the biggest building in Quetta, it was now a heap of metal and stone. With all its occupants dead, Quetta was without a police force.

In garrison towns jealousy often exists between the civil administration and the military brass. Sir Norman Cater had had his share of friction with the army, but he now knew this was a job for them. And he meant Quetta's toughened regulars, not the young cadets up at the College.

"The trouble is, the army's away playing war games," Holland reminded him.

"Then we'll have to bring 'em back," Cater said. "Let's find Karslake."

The year was 1935 and although England's chief worry in Europe was the growing might of Hitler's Germany, the British believed the greatest threat to the Empire's outposts in India's mountainous north was Soviet Russia.

Although local natives regarded the martial pomp and regal pageantry to be the main function of the British in Quetta, the real purpose of the British was defense against potential assault from the north. Under command of Major General Henry Karslake, the garrison's 1,200 troops were frequently engaged in maneuvers on the flat plain around Quetta and the mountain slopes fringing it.

THAT night, units of the Queen's Own Royal were supposed to be in pursuit of the 11th Sikh Regiment, with a mock battle planned to climax the chase at midnight. But those Sikhs had hundreds of square miles in which to hide, and it was going on two a.m. when one outfit of Tommies, after marching 25 miles in full battle order, was allowed to take a breather.

"Funny thing," muttered a burly sergeant, lighting a cigarette, "never seen that before."

"Seen what?" answered a soldier swigging tea from a canteen.

"Them birds out there, sittin' on the ground." He jerked his thumb. "Usually in the trees at this hour."

Squinting into the gloom, the other man made out clusters of silent birds dotting the dusty plain like scrub. "Blimey," he said. "Like they were scared of sleeping in their nests tonight."

Farther down the line, the Tommies noticed another strange sight. The distant peaks, normally black against the stars, now seemed bathed in a weird pink glow. The pack mules were stirring uneasily but none of the soldiers felt up to finding out why, and it was

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an hour after they resumed maneuvers that the ground slid and tilted under their marching feet.

The column weaved drunkenly and the mules floundered. Amid curses and the clatter of falling Enfield rifles, the soldiers went down like a file of dominoes.

Bullied by a harsh-voiced captain, the shaken troops reformed ranks but hadn't marched much farther before a motorcycle rider overtook them. He was so upset he forgot to salute the captain. "Major General Karslake's compliments, sir, and you're to return to base at once." He swallowed. "Quetta's been wiped out, sir."

He raced off to contact other outfits. Karslake's army soon was streaming back to Quetta: Tank Corps detachments, straight-backed bearded Sikhs on foaming horses, mobile artillery and, finally, the foot-slogging infantry.

AN aggressive Tank Corps brigadier in World War I, Major General Karslake had spent most of his life in Britain's Imperial Indian Army. Three hours after the quake, he mustered his troops on the Quetta Club's well-kept lawn.

Behind Karslake huddled a resentful group of administration people. Without awaiting Sir Norman Cater's formal request to take charge, Karslake had instantly demonstrated the brusque self-assertiveness which had earned him many enemies during his long career.

"I'm proclaiming martial law immediately." He tapped his cane sharply against his khaki breeches. "Everything must be put on a combat footing."

"And just *who* does he think the blasted enemy is?" whispered someone behind him.

Karslake heard and he wheeled on the civilian, "Disease, you damned fool." Pointing his cane toward the ruined city, he said, "You hear that wailing? People are still alive in there but the putrefying corpses of those that aren't will kill off the living before—" he paused, then snapped—"before their stench can reach your bloody sensitive nose."

He turned his back on the civilian and began to fire orders at his troops. His task was to get out the survivors before epidemic flared. Quetta's altitude made it an ideal summer resort for many British and wealthy Indians from the south, and its population in the past month had increased to around



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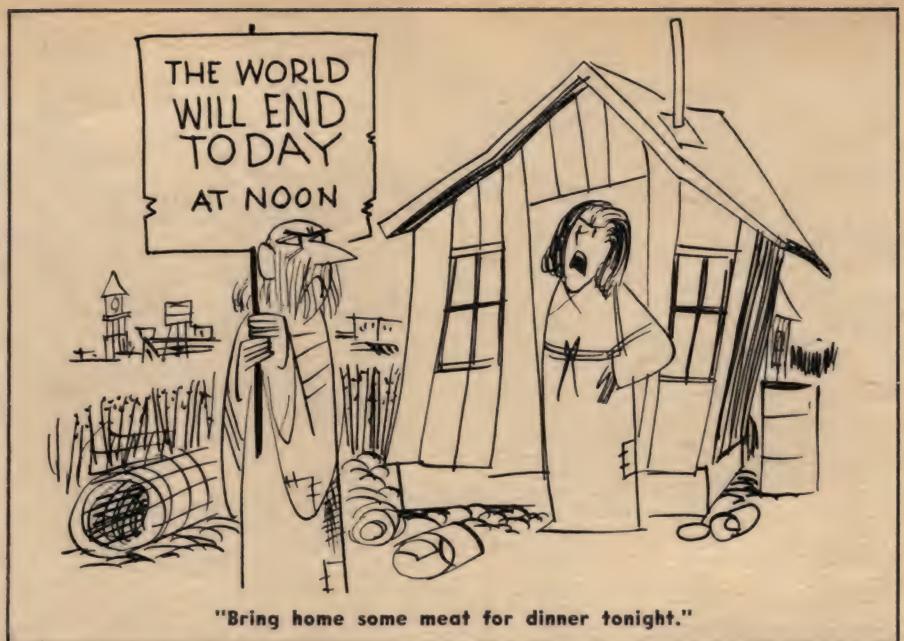
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60,000. Karslake had no idea how many still lived, but he had to find out, and rescue them.

Conferring with his engineer officers, he formed a plan to clear one-way streets through the city, then ordered tanks and trucks to get moving. The infantry would follow. "Don't waste time on the dead," he commanded. "I want only the living brought out."

The medical officer of a group detailed to work on the wrecked Civil Hospital came up. "The lepers, too?"

Karslake frowned. When Doctor Holland had told him of the 20 hopelessly advanced leprosy cases in the hospital, he had doubted the sense of bothering with creatures who could scarcely be called alive. Certainly not while there was more useful work to be done.

HOWEVER, Karslake changed his mind. Wrecks though the lepers were, they too were human. "Anyone who breathes," Karslake answered the medic, "get 'em out."

As the sun came up to brighten the scene of desolation—and kindle the smell of death—thousands of Tommies wearing nose-pads moved into Quetta. Soon the big rescue operation was under way and Karslake set up refugee and hospital camps on Quetta's race-track and the Residency grounds.

Among the ruins, British and Indians worked side by side, burrowing, shouldering, hacking at rubble. Dismembered limbs and corpses were ignored, but often a dust-covered form, thought to be alive, was passed along to a waiting truck and found to be dead. "Chuck 'im back, George," a weary voice would call from the truck, "an' give us a live 'un."

RAF Wing Commander John Slessor crawled from under six feet of bricks, got himself patched up, then inspected his flattened air base. His adjutant mustered a roll call. 170 men answered to their names—over half of Slessor's men were dead and injured under the debris. "Let's get 'em out," he ordered.

Just then a truck loaded with men from the Staff College rolled in, commanded by the chief instructor, a peppery colonel named Bernard Law Montgomery. "Thought you might need a hand," he said.

Slessor nodded his thanks and started Monty digging.

At eight A.M. Karslake sent a dozen light tanks rumbling onto the air base to bulldoze wreckage aside, permitting Slessor to survey his 27 Wapitis. Twenty-five of the planes were complete write-offs and the remaining two were badly bashed up. "Get a repair crew cracking right away," Slessor told his maintenance officer. "I want a plane out of here before sundown. Someone has got to break the news of this bloody mess to the outside world."

Unknown to Slessor, the news was already speeding on its way, carried over the mountains by a pint-sized railroad genius named Basil Bean, at the controls of his private ten-seater rail car. Bean, divisional boss and pioneer of the Northwestern Railroad Company, was the car's sole crew, and as it rocketed down gradients and around sharp curves, Bean's stomach tensed against the fear of being hurled to destruction at any moment by a quake-buckled rail or a tree that had fallen across the track.

Somehow he kept his car on the track, and after a nightmare ride of 70 miles, tore down the last stretch to a depot equipped for telegraphy, braked screechingly and made for the office. Soon the first news of the Quetta quake was being told to the world.

Meanwhile, the need for outside assistance had grown desperate by mid-afternoon, when 15,000 dazed and bloodstained survivors crowded Karslake's camps, and Doc Holland found his scanty medical supplies running out. Already he had big trouble on his hands subduing jittery natives who fought off his anti-plague shots. Several went berserk, fled screeching through the camp, and triggered a panic. A frenzied mob overwhelmed Holland's nurses, started to rush down the road into Quetta. They were shoved back by harassed Tommies swinging rifle butts.

IN Quetta's native quarter, the digging went on. An army captain checked a team groping among a giant sprawl of rubble that was once the Murree Brewery, biggest on the Northwest Frontier. "How many have you found so far, Sergeant?"

The non-com lifted his nose-pad. He'd been working three hours on the brewery. "Two

hundred and twelve, sir." He spat disgustedly. "All corpses."

Wrinkling his nose against the stench of beer and death, the officer turned at a new sound. From somewhere under the masonry came a groan.

"Hear that, Sergeant?" The officer moved on. "Keep searching."

Fifty soldiers advanced slowly down a piled-up avenue of ruin which was once Chip Street, Quetta's brothel district. A corporal paused to wipe his sweating face and grinned at a half-buried sign with the printed warning: OFF LIMITS AFTER SUNDOWN.

A woman's muffled scream wiped the grin off his face. "Over here," he called to the others.

They dug fiercely and finally unearthed a handsome half-caste whose beauty defied the blood and dirt on her bare limbs. Her heavily mascaraed eyelids were shut but she was breathing feebly.

"Handle this one with care," panted the corporal as he lifted her onto the waiting truck.

"You bet." The Tommies recognized her as one of Chip Street's most popular madams. They rushed her to the grounds of the Residency (the last place she would have been invited) but as the digging continued along Chip Street, most of her girls were found to be dead. So were the customers some had been entertaining when the earth shook.

A DULL roar from the airfield told Karslake that John Slessor's men had gotten a plane serviceable. Within minutes he spotted the Wapiti circling overhead for a last survey of the disaster before winging south to Karachi.

At nightfall, fires were lighted to keep off marauding animals. Even so, Karslake faced a worse menace from the Pathan tribesmen who stole out of the hills to plunder the dead. A sergeant patrolling Gloucester Road came on a couple of them wrenching at the bracelets adorning a female arm which protruded from the wreckage. One fled as he approached but the other whipped out a short knife. A single vicious slash and the bejewelled arm was severed. As the looter raced off with it, he hadn't made a dozen yards before a bullet from the sergeant's rifle dropped him.

Elsewhere, Pathans were ripping earrings from the heads of corpses. Karslake reacted instantly to the ghoulis attack by circling Quetta with light tanks and cavalry, giving them orders to shoot all prowlers on sight. Scattered bursts of gunfire were heard all through the night. At dawn Karslake sent a detail out to collect any dead Pathans and bury them.

Under the warm June sun, the smell over

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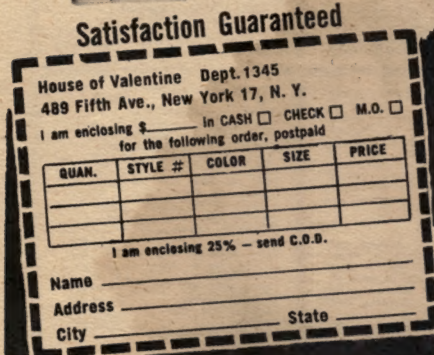


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Quetta became so horrible that soldiers vomited every time they lifted their nose pads. To add to the horror, the odor attracted the kites and vultures which had fled from the valley when the quake came. The ugly birds gathered in hordes for a ghastly feast.

Some of Karslake's officers ordered tank crews to tow Quetta's dead livestock out to the plain for the carrion birds to pick clean. When he heard of it, he almost snapped his cane in anger. "I want all vehicles to stay in Quetta," he bellowed, "until we bring out as many survivors as possible!"

"Begging your pardon, sir," ventured a young subaltern, "but those stinking carcasses are crawling with maggots. The risk of infection—"

"I'm aware of the risk, Lieutenant." Karslake glared at him. "That's why the dead, men or beasts, must stay in there."

BUT although under orders not to shift the dead, Karslake's soldiers were unable to prevent the natives from carrying the quake victims outside the city for religious funeral rites. Hauled by wretched mules, corpse-heavy carts rattled along the streets the soldiers had cleared. Bodies of Hindus were cremated on colossal pyres, while those of Moslems were thrown into mass graves.

Karslake almost had a riot on his hands when the cart drivers, fearing their vehicles were haunted by evil spirits, demanded a military escort. Fortunately, he had been in Asia long enough to know that in matters of religion it was best not to argue. He assigned an armed guard to each corpse cart.

Then, three days after the quake, he made his grim and controversial decision. Adding the number of victims believed cremated or buried to that of the evacuated living, he figured about 40,000 dead or alive had come out of Quetta. That meant maybe 20,000 still in there. Many of the survivors had been straggling back to search for relatives or possessions, usually emerging with nothing but a few seconds' rest probably a deadly contagion.

It was time to stop this dangerous traffic. Brushing aside the doubts of Sir Norman Cater, the outraged protests of merchants, and the anguished appeals of those with loved ones still lost in Quetta, Karslake ordered the city sealed off from the world.

The soldiers were marched out and given another job: erecting a miles-long barbed wire fence completely encircling the disaster area.

"You know, I suppose," said Wing Commander Slessor, standing at Karslake's side, "there are bound to be many still buried alive in there."

"I know it."

Slessor gave him a quick look. It must have been a hard decision to make, but logic was on Karslake's side. Unburied dead in Quetta now swarmed with disease-carrying bugs. The city was virtually one huge festering corpse and Karslake, determined not to further imperil the lives of those he had gotten out, intended to isolate it as he would have done any potential source of epidemic.

Nevertheless, when Lord Willingdon, the hatchet-faced Viceroy of India, flew in from New Delhi, he regarded Karslake's conduct with evident disfavor. As a result, the soldier received an official reprimand and the city was ordered to be reopened. Section by section, the ruins were cleared and the rebuilding of Quetta begun.

EVENTUALLY the London authorities reconsidered Henry Karslake's decision and gave him a knighthood. Not long before his death he was involved in another sort of evacuation when he commanded the last British troops off the Dunkirk beaches.

As for Quetta, today it is a thriving Pakistani center connected by a four-lane highway with Karachi. Modern jets take off and land where Slessor's old frontier-defending Wapitis were based, and only a few aging inhabitants remember when the British Union Jack flew over them, and Quetta died in 30 seconds.

END



"Live Longer" Miracles

Continued from page 11

braided wire. The doctor slid this through the hole in the needle until his touch once again told him he had now pushed it the length of the needle and into the heart.

He pulled the needle out, leaving behind the wire.

He fastened this wire to a terminal on a white plastic box the size of a cigarette pack. A second wire, already taped to the patient's skin, was attached to another terminal on the box.

The doctor said, "Now," and adjusted dials on the box. Every eye turned to the electrocardiograph.

Abruptly, the crazy beatings became a regular, healthy, comfortable 100 strokes per minute. In seconds, a cardiac cripple had become a normal man who could once again lead an active life with but few limitations.

THE small miracle box is now known as the "battery-powered transistor pacemaker." Explaining this simply, the box does exactly what anatomist Luigi Galvani did in 1771 when he sent an electrical current through the legs of a freshly killed frog. It makes lifeless muscles twitch. The pacemaker, however, has electronic timing devices to turn the current on and off 100 times a minute, every minute of the day.

This scene took place three years ago. Today many men, perhaps even men you know, are keeping themselves alive, and equally important, keeping themselves active, with pacemakers. They carry them in pockets or strap them to their chests. At night, they hang them by their beds. All that they must do is stay plugged in, change batteries when necessary, and have frequent voltage adjustment checkups.

This spare heart is basically the work of Dr. C. Walton Lillehei, one of the Midwest's leading heart surgeons. The principle involved—electrical heart stimulation—has been known to everyone in his field for years, but a portable stimulator was impossible to make. With tubes, transformers, etc., the weight and size of a walk-around box would probably have killed a patient who carried it.

But in 1958 the tiny transistors were perfected. To many men they meant many things. To electronics men, they meant the age of "miniaturization," which made possible improved new computers and peanut-size satellite radios. To manufacturers, they meant the Dick Tracy wrist radio was no longer a comic strip gimmick.

But to Dr. Lillehei, and those who worked with him, they meant that a walk-around heart pacer was now possible.

Since then, thinking small in all medical fields has bred many wonderful new spare parts which can take over when our own organs fail. Thinking small has also evolved new techniques in the infant specialty known as micro-surgery, which involves delicate operations on tiny vital areas of the body.

Each of these little things—whether used in an operating room or strapped and sewn inside—means a big extra helping of life and pleasure to someone, perhaps you. Some of our newest are:

Plastic larynxes which could give back speech to 50,000 Americans who have lost it through throat cancer operations.

A fist-sized, water-powered plastic mechanical heart to replace those old failing organs which even electronic pacers cannot help. The user carries his own circulating water supply.

Plastic heart valve replacements which look and work almost exactly like the ping-pong ball snorkel valves used by skin divers.

Most miniaturization has occurred in the above-mentioned surgical and diagnostic fields. With tiny new tools, physicians can now go places in the human body and do things that stethoscope and scalpel never could. Some of these tools:

Microamps so minuscule they pass through the eyes of needles. These will be invaluable in internal exploration.

Glass scalpels 1/50,000th of an inch thick, capable of operating on one human cell at a time. These can possibly be used to amputate single-cell cancer seedlings.

"Radio knives," which cut or cauterize brain tissue with hairline high-frequency radio wave burns; can cure Parkinson's Disease, a cure almost impossible by conventional brain surgery.

Complementing the radio knives, there are electronic "spot welders," which are actually another pin-point burning device. With them, surgeons can cure certain blindnesses with small spot burns or "welds" which refasten retinas to eyeballs.

The cigarette-pack size electrocardiograph which a heart patient can wear at all times.

AND the most amazing radio device of all is the "radio pill," a capsule transmitter one inch long and 2/5ths of an inch in diameter. A patient swallows it. As it passes through the digestive tract, it broadcasts pressure readings and other data, taking the kinks out of diagnosis of ulcers, ileitis, etc.

As the stethoscope was but a first step in internal medicine, so these things are but beginnings of greater things to come in miniaturization in spare body parts and surgical tools. Within ten years, no more than 20, we can expect:

Permanent heart pacers, planted inside our bodies forever in leak-proof plastic cases. This work is well-advanced.

Electronic "jolt-boxes" which will do for crippled leg muscles what heart pacers do for crippled cardiac muscles: make muscles move and help stroke invalids and paraplegics to get on their feet again.

Wire coils imbedded in skulls which will restore hearing to the so-called incurably deaf. The coils will be connected to external microphones, bypassing dead ears and conducting sound directly to the brain.

The brain . . . This may be the one organ we'll never be able to replace with a substitute or miniature. Our scientists figure it would take an electronic component the size of the Empire State Building and powered by all of Niagara's electricity to duplicate the activities of one human brain.

But anything is possible!

END

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- Art of love for different ages and types of men and women.
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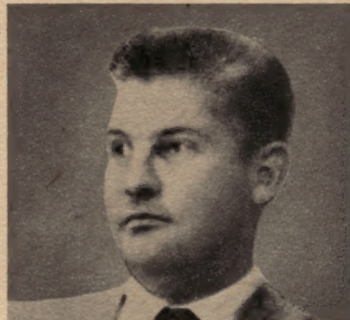
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